

JULY 23, 1979

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TIME

At the Crossroads

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Yanks Down!





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One of the lowest tar cigarettes you can smoke.
The one with taste enough to stay with.

A Letter from the Publisher

For ten days, while he reconsidered his energy and economic policies at his triple-fenced Camp David retreat, President Carter remained totally inaccessible to the press. Finally Friday the President invited a group of journalists and network anchormen to helicopter to his mountaintop and hear the insights he had gained from his sojourn. Among his 18 luncheon guests was TIME's Washington contributing editor Hugh Sidey, who, in addition to writing his regular Presidency column, reported from Camp David for this week's cover story.

The trip to the Catoctin Mountain camp was a familiar one for Sidey, who has made it at least a dozen times before—first to visit President Eisenhower, often to meet with Kennedy and once before with Carter. Despite this seasoning, Sidey admits to feeling "always considerably in awe in the presence of a President." He was particularly susceptible last week because it was a moment, he believes, "that may mark a watershed in American affairs."



Sidey dashes from a chopper after lunching at Camp David

Sidey's gleanings from what he describes as "a very gracious kind of briefing" with a "philosophical" President, supplements the reporting of correspondents around the country who, to piece together the elusive story of the summit, had spent the week corralling the 134 people summoned by Carter. Washington Energy Correspondent Richard Hornik

spoke to economic and energy experts who had participated in the meetings, while Congressional Correspondent Neil MacNeil managed to track down nearly 20 Congressmen and Senators who had made the trip. Said White House Correspondent Chris Ogden, who raced to buttonhole civic leaders and senior White House aides as they arrived back in Washington: "However frustrating a sequestered summit is for reporters—and it is indeed frustrating—they seem to be the vogue for the Carter Administration. And if Carter feels they help him reflect more clearly and plan more thoroughly, then who are we to complain?"

John A. Meyers

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Cover: Photograph by Dennis Brack—Black Star.



20 Cover: As summits go, it was somewhat surprising: a mixture of theater and politics, blue-ribboned intellectuals and just plain folks. But for Jimmy Carter, the meetings on the mountain may be something of a last chance. See NATION.



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The Gasoline War

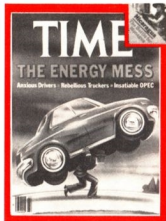
To the Editors:

It's about time we Americans stopped fighting each other over gasoline [July 2] and joined hands against the slippery blackmailers to the east. If war hasn't been declared, I just did it. Somebody please give us a battle plan: rationing, electric cars or roller skates, I don't care. Blood is thicker than gasoline.

Hugh A. Larkin Jr., M.D.
Seattle

Will the person with the solution to the energy crisis please stand up, show yourself and be elected President? It doesn't matter if it's Crane, Carter, Brown, Reagan, Connally, Bush, Baker, Nixon or Ford. The person with the answer can be elected President in 1980.

Gordon Wayman
Benton, Ill.



It is not the gasoline crunch that frightens me but rather the lack of dignity and strength that Americans have been displaying as we face the problem.

Lisa Airey
Monkton, Md.

My mother was right: "Deprive Americans of the use of their cars, and there will be a revolution." It's almost here. All I hear is talk about how to obtain more gasoline, not how to use less.

Steven G. Schon
New York City

OPEC has declared war on the Western world. An infinitesimal percent of the earth's population is directing the destruction of the economic foundation of the world. Odd and even selling days are not the answer. The basic solution is that the OPEC cartel must be broken, and now.

David N. Rosner
Miami

Let's face it. It's their oil, and the OPEC nations are going to do anything they want with it. In my opinion, most citi-

zens waste too much time and effort complaining about the oil companies and the Department of Energy, and devote too little to conservation efforts.

Joanna Thayer
San Francisco

OPEC countries are "one crop" countries. Do you want them to give away their only crop or sell it cheap to a wasteful country like ours?

Anthony Cordova
New York City

Rising prices place developing countries in a vulnerable position for exploitation by Communist governments, who might point their fingers at the West and say, "See what their capitalist greed did to you?" No better foreign aid policy could be established than for the U.S. to develop alternative energy sources, thereby lowering the worldwide cost of energy.

Larry Joyce
Seal Beach, Calif.

If I have to choose between gasoline at a higher price with no waiting and no bribes, or gasoline at 90¢ per gal. in one- to two-hour lines two to three times a week, I will choose the former.

Andrew MacDonald
Fanwood, N.J.

Constant Reminder

I have to say to you, Reader Bob Maurer [June 25]: If you really have to allude to World War II to talk about excessive oil waste and ask what country started that mess, I could as well ask you now what country it was that wasted a great deal of oil in a useless war more than 20 years after the one you mentioned. But it's not the past that counts, but the present and the future. And the fact is that fewer than 250 million Americans spend more than one-third of the world's oil resources.

Roland Pabst
Schneittach, West Germany

Yes, They Are Necessary

In answer to Lance Morrow's question, "Are Vacations Really Necessary?" [June 25]—they certainly are for some of us. They provide an opportunity for breaking through the small-town syndrome, with its inherent parochial and provincialisms.

There really is a big exciting world out there, and in a sense, the vacation offers the only true frontier remaining for those who hear the beat of the drum as each summer approaches.

Melville Hopkins
Espy, Pa.

Agony of the Boat People

How insensitive and cruel you make the countries of Southeast Asia look when you report that they are re-

fusing to accept refugees and even expel them [July 2]. These countries are already overpopulated with citizens leading economically substandard lives. Why doesn't the U.S., the greatest and richest nation in the world, accept all of the refugees?

Horacio Severino
Houston

Why should the rest of the free world be forced to take in Vietnamese refugees when the Vietnamese government is making money from this human cargo? Where is human compassion?

William Lim
Arawa, Papua New Guinea

What the U.S. and other countries can do about the refugees is simple—help them. And damn the bureaucracy!

Gene Pomiak
Campbell, Calif.

Your picture of the Cambodian youth tied to the cross as a punishment for stealing food [June 25] is particularly moving during this International Year of the Child. I hope it moves us to work for the rights of these children.

(Mrs.) Loretta Cody
Sea Girt, N.J.

Restoring the Voice

In your article "Speaking Again" [June 25], you refer to an iceman who accidentally regained his voice when he plunged an ice pick into his throat. The Chicagoan was not an iceman but a patient of mine who was a *shochet*, or ritual slaughterer of kosher chicken. He used the ice pick heated red-hot because he thought it would bring his voice back, not to attempt suicide.

Attended by the phenomenal voice restoration, I utilized an electric needle to effect the same result in a number of my laryngectomized patients, who subsequently were shown in the first medical talking movie made, which is now in the Smithsonian.

M. Reese Guttman, M.D.
Chicago

Fraternal Union

I am appalled at the way you prejudged the marriage of a brother and sister who had been separated for most of their lives [July 2]. With the exception of genetic irregularities in reproduction, which a vasectomy would prevent, marriage of consenting adults should be their personal affair.

Steven Hammer
Northbrook, Ill.

The ancient prohibition against brother-sister marriages arose from observation of what "generally" happens to the offspring when the genetic pool is limited by close inbreeding. Since folk ob-



You won't gas it up. You'll plug it in.

A PROGRESS REPORT FROM GENERAL ELECTRIC

The electric car. Today, the dream is finally starting to take shape. The experimental model that you see here could well point the way to the future.

General Electric didn't build this car. That's not GE's business. But the car's electric motor and its solid-state electronic controls came from GE technology.

GE is making a lot of progress in developing these motors and controls. Even so, electric cars still have a way to go. This one, for example, will travel only about 75 miles before its batteries have to be recharged. And recharging them takes about six hours.

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Right now, GE is developing technologies for the next ten years — and beyond. In the laboratory are things like a fuel cell that combines hydrogen and oxygen to make not only water, but electricity as well. Another kind of cell — the photovoltaic cell — generates electricity simply by sitting in the sun.

Technology is a practical way of helping solve problems that concern us all: pollution, disease, energy shortages, crime. GE is using its technology to make progress in all these areas.

Progress for People

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Letters

servations tend to mark and remember the bad rather than the good, the myth of the inevitability of the "imbecile child" took root.

Cleopatra was no imbecile child, even though she was reputed to have been the 14th generation of progeny of brother-sister marriages.

Jean H. Harrison
Columbia, S.C.

If the children of Adam and Eve were permitted to do it, why couldn't Victoria and her brother? After all, God didn't create two Adams and two Eves.

Rita Wang Donato
Mons, Belgium

Healers and the Holocaust

On reading "Doctors of the Death Camps" [June 25], I am reminded of how we condone in the name of science the torture and murder of thousands of monkeys, rats, etc., every year and never blink an eye.

Mary Henderson
Mission, Kans.

It is very simple to convince oneself that it is O.K. to cause suffering and death in other species, other races, other ethnic groups, or early periods of gestation. Every individual seems to draw the distinc-

tions in his own mind of who belongs in the protected group and who is in the O.K.-for-abuse (Out) group.

Sue Hoell
Missoula, Mont.

I realize the Nazis thought of Jews as being somewhat less than human, but the atrocities committed in the Holocaust cannot be easily rationalized away. They show the depravity possible in a particular political system and should be a constant reminder to us that under certain circumstances, we are all capable of the most heinous of crimes.

Bea Chigos
San Mateo, Calif.

Every nation has thousands of people with more or less hidden sadistic instincts. They are eagerly used by various dictators (Hitler's Gestapo, Stalin's NKVD, the Shah's SAVAK, Pinochet's DINA, etc.) and carry out their new duties with sadistic pleasure. Some of them may happen to be M.D.s.

Aleksander Kreglewski
College Station, Texas

The Duke's Legend Lives On

Recent travels have shown me that John Wayne's popularity is global [June 25]. In Australia, a farmer asks when

the next John Wayne film will come out. In Burma, the Duke's picture hangs in a corner restaurant. An Afghani shop owner, addressing my question of how life has changed under the new pro-Soviet regime, replies that the John Wayne movies have gone. In eastern Turkey, when I tell a nomad I am from America, he reaches to his side in a mock draw and with a big grin exclaims, "John Wayne!" Now, back in the U.S., a South African tourist asks me if I know that John Wayne is dead. He heard the news from a Frenchman.

Charles W. Miller
St. Louis

In All Haste

I greatly enjoyed your article on procrastination [June 10, 1974]. It was a fine in-depth analysis of a problem we Americans must learn to deal with. I was going to write you somewhat earlier, but I have been extremely busy of late.

Peter Nonacs
Louisville

TIME is pleased to print Reader Nonacs' tardy comments, which reached us a few weeks ago.

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100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

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Kings & 100's



Mayors Baldwin and Quaintance entering "mental pastures" in Lexington as Psychiatrist Morrison (right) leads them on

American Scene

In Kentucky: Defiant Mice from City Hall

Their constituents back home would have been astonished. Fifteen mayors sitting in a row with their eyes closed, pointing their index fingers toward an imaginary ball of light. They are responding to commands from a bearded therapist who soothingly urges them to "draw the healing spheres" to them. After playing a tape of Beethoven's *Pastoral*, the therapist leads his subjects into a mental pasture, where they are to find a cool stream and feel a pleasant breeze.

A private sanitarium for unhinged politicians? Not at all. The setting is a bare hotel conference room in Lexington, Ky., and the half-hour of "guided imagery" is the climax of an afternoon's discussion about coping with stress. The U.S. Conference of Mayors, which periodically brings together some of its members for a three-day immersion in expertise, exhortation and empathy, has shrewdly decided that controlling angst can be as important to a mayor's success as drafting municipal budgets.

These mayors from small communities around the country—populations ranging from 2,500 to 68,000—come dressed in similar garments of vulnerability. When Psychiatrist David Morrison flashes a cartoon slide showing a mouse with a defiant middle finger raised toward a fierce owl, there is silence for a moment. Then William Durham, the slight, dapper, boyish mayor of Burlington, N.C. (pop. 40,000), speaks up. "That's me," he says solemnly. "I've been that little mouse and I've felt guilty about it."

The stereotype of the small-city mayor is a Babbittish burgomaster who divides his time between Rotary luncheons and Boy Scout wiener roasts. In fact, they

have the same chronic problems and extraordinary crises that bigger-name politicians have. The group in Lexington includes the mayors of Harrisburg, Pa. (threatened nuclear disaster), Decatur, Ala. (armed Ku Kluxers on the rampage), and Meridian, Miss. (serious flooding).

Unlike their metropolitan cousins, though, few of these mayors are career politicians. Ted Crozier, a bald, burly ex-Army colonel, retired to his wife's home town of Clarksville, Tenn., and found public affairs more interesting than the restaurant into which he had sunk some of his service savings. Gesturing with his cigarette holder, he says: "I'm trying to prove you can turn things around." Charlotte Baldwin, the slim, red-haired wife of a dentist from Madisonville, Ky. (pop. 20,000), went back to college for a degree in urban studies when her sons were grown, then successfully bucked the crowd that had run city hall for nearly 30 years. Bill J. Dukes had been an executive at the Monsanto Co. but then served two mayors of Decatur as an administrative aide. A tall, handsome, quiet-spoken native of Muhlenberg, Ky., Dukes says: "Finally I decided to try it myself. I wanted to show that Decatur is not what people think. We're a progressive city—even though I'm still considered a Yankee after 22 years."

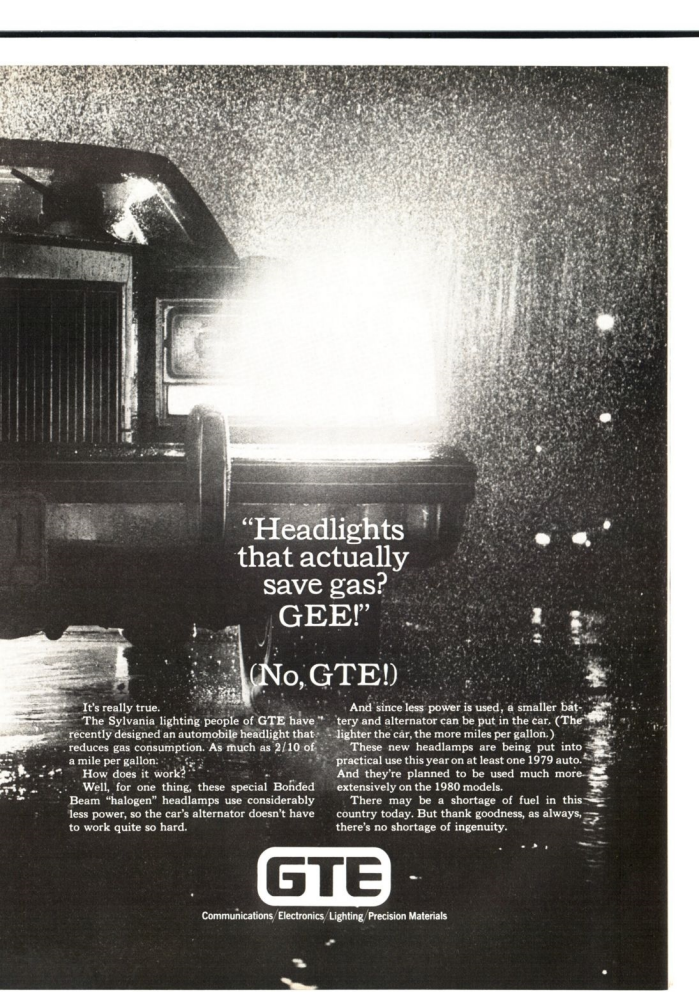
At Lexington, rapport comes quickly, because they're all trying to cope with similar problems, though without the sophisticated staffs and political clout of their big-city counterparts. Says Dukes, referring to the confrontation between Klansmen and black activists: "That's the main reason I came to Lexington. I had to get away from it for a while."

Not that the program, grandly titled "The Mayors Leadership Institute," is any rest cure. From Sunday night through noon Wednesday, the "students" listen to 18 speakers and to each other. Most of the "faculty" are former city or federal officials who have become full-time specialists in urban fields. They dispense information about arcane money management methods, political techniques, trends to expect in the future and, above all, how to get by in a period of stagnant federal and state aid. One proposed device: juggle whatever cash is on hand adroitly enough to earn maximum interest on it. The mayors respond like pre-med students before final exams, asking the same basic questions and getting writer's cramp taking notes. When Crozier misplaces his pad he scribbles away on a series of napkins which he then stuffs in his pocket.

The formal program is obviously valuable. But like women at their first consciousness-raising session, the mayors are utterly delighted to find other people who share, and above all, understand their problems. As they chat they soon find themselves finishing each other's sentences like old friends. Paul Douthrich of Harrisburg, who looks a bit like bug-eyed Comedian Rodney ("I don't get no respect") Dangerfield, learned about the disastrous doings at nearby Three Mile Island from an enterprising Boston radio reporter who called long distance to check out the rumor of imminent nuclear disaster. It was two days before Douthrich was properly briefed by utility and state officials. Joe Viens of Miramar, Fla., a former state trooper and undercover narc, has a brash, street-wise manner and does Teddy Ken-



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American Scene

nedy impersonations in his native "Baaston" accent. But he concedes that he has trouble getting enough precise planning information to make a strong case for the housing program he wants.

Despite an evident, shared disdain for federal regulators and regulations, all the mayors exploit grant programs as much as they can. In Harrisburg, Doutrich would like to accommodate constituents who want to convert a one-way avenue back to two-way flow. But to do so would violate the state-dictated traffic pattern and risk the loss of a \$1 million highway subsidy. Richard Baker of Newark, Ohio, who used to sell and service electronic equipment, has winkled out enough economic development grants from Washington to refurbish his downtown. With some relish he tells about his chess game against the feds. Washington at first demanded that contractors on two projects have at least 10% minority employment on each job—a problem in Newark because the city's 47,000 population is only 1.4% black. Baker persuaded the feds that for the purposes of affirmative action they consider the two projects one, then went to a larger city to hire a minority-owned contracting firm for one development. The work went ahead.

Dealing with constituents who are also neighbors and acquaintances can be sticky. Charlotte Baldwin, her town's first

woman mayor, dresses with a certain flair in Lexington, but sighs that back home in Madisonville she cannot wear her chic sandals on business calls. She feels that conventional pumps will help encourage citizens to take her seriously. Joe Viens remembers a voter who came in to remind the mayor of his campaign support, then presented a traffic ticket to be fixed. Viens said sorry, the only way he could help would be to pay the fine out of his own pocket. "Good," said the man, "you do that." A local eccentric dropped into Doutrich's office, chatted for a while and then pulled a revolver. Visions of the Moscone assassination in San Francisco flashed through Hizzonor's mind. But the gun was empty; its owner finally explained he wanted to turn it in to the police.

To a person, these small-city mayors feel overworked and underpaid. Those who are supposedly part-time officials, like Baldwin, make as little as \$85 a week. Even the full-time incumbents get meager pay, from which must be deducted the psychic cost of public cynicism. Don Quaintance of Marion, Ohio, a white-haired, avuncular former businessman who got to the mayor's chair in middle age, thinks that kind of attitude has grown a lot during his eight years in office. He bitterly recalls a dinner with his wife and some friends at the country club. Talk

got around to inflation and the size of his salary, \$23,000. Said one of his companions: "Yeah, but he probably has his hand in the till." The needle still hurts.

These gnawing problems and meager rewards, one might expect, would add up to an irresistible desire to chuck it all. Hardly. Each mayor figures that he really is making a difference. Ted Crozier has shaken up the police department; he has even got his 92-man police force to jog itself into shape. Richard Verbic of Elgin, Ill., a dentist, boasts of completing another kind of bridge—a \$1.2 million span over the Fox River, which the town needed for 20 years. Richard Baker is proud of having brought the Little League World Series to Newark for the third year running; no other town in the country can match that claim. Don Quaintance thinks he might like to retire, but then he insists that he is the only candidate who can protect Marion from an opponent whom he regards as irresponsible. So he is after a third term this year, as is Baker. And, those cantankerous voters willing, the others too will no doubt hang on to the pains and perks of office. After the Lexington meeting, at any rate, they will know more about mice and mayors, and perhaps remember the advice of a lecturer: "You politic, you massage, and you beg. Will is more important than data."

— Laurence I. Barrett

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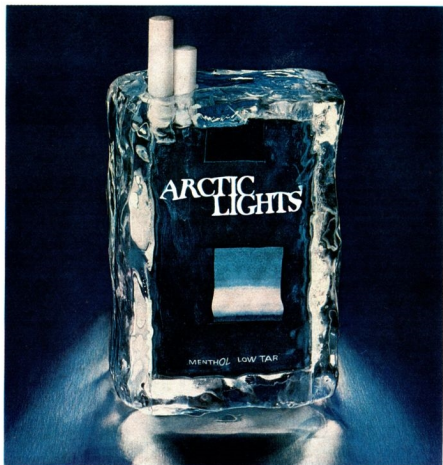


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Then, when you have your pictures developed at Fotomat (where else?) you'll be even happier with the results.

Lighting Outside

A bright day with the sun directly overhead can create harsh shadows under the eyes and nose of your subject.

An overcast day gives a softer, diffused



Soft light on overcast day.

light and prevents those shadows. When there's no overcast, you'll get good results when sunlight is from the side and low in the sky (at about a 45° angle to the camera).

Flash Inside

A flashbulb won't light up Madison Square Garden—or anything else much further than 10 feet away. Flash is best for shots 4 to 8 feet from the camera.

Keep your subject out a ways from the background to avoid throwing deep shadows.

For a softer look, with a minimum of shadows, try bouncing your flash. With adjustable cameras, detach the flash unit and aim at the ceiling. With simple cameras, you can hold a small white card at an angle to the flashbulb.



Flash too close.



Too far.



Just right.

shouldn't be

Composition

If there are people in your pictures, move in close. They're normally more interesting than what's around them.



Beware of the background.

Be careful of background elements interfering with your foreground subject. Unless you like trees growing out of Uncle Murray's head.

Choose a strong center of interest.



Good composition.

Then try putting it, not smack in the middle, but a bit off center. That's usually more attractive to the eye.

Action adds a lot of impact, but watch out for blurring. With an adjustable camera, you can use a faster shutter speed to stop action. But with a simple camera, have the subject move toward you. Or if the movement must be from side to side, pan with the subject.



Stop the action.

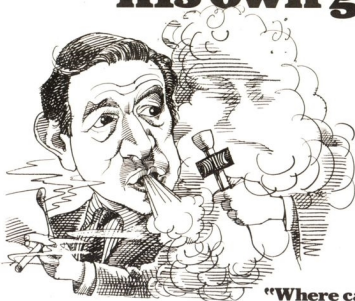
Experiment with different camera angles. Up high. Down low. And everywhere in between. The results may surprise you.

Now, if you're wondering why we ran this great big ad, full of all this helpful advice, without once mentioning our state-of-the-art photofinishing labs, our choice of studio or glossy borderless prints, our on-time delivery, our friendly Fotomates and convenient locations, you can stop wondering.

We just mentioned them.

FOTOMAT 

How to beat Mike Wallace at his own game.



Frank Lloyd Wright holds the distinction of being the only interviewee to ever turn the tables on Mike Wallace. It happened as Mike lit up a cigarette. Wright boomed: "Where did you pick up that filthy habit?!" (Incidentally, the sponsor was a cigarette maker.) Wright then took over the show and actually interviewed the stunned Wallace. Keep this story in mind should Mike ever ask you for an interview. Meanwhile, keep tuned to "Mike Wallace at Large." You never know. The tables could be turned again.

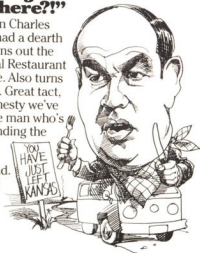
Things they lose sleep over in Washington.

When Dan Rather was a White House Correspondent, he learned people in government have to get up pretty early in the morning to get ahead in D.C. Why? Well, it seems information is power. So the ambitious make a federal case of getting to the office as early as possible or they risk missing the latest on the greatest. But even if you don't care about politics, it's worth getting up Saturdays to hear "Dan Rather Reporting" on everything.



"Where can you get a decent meal around here?!"

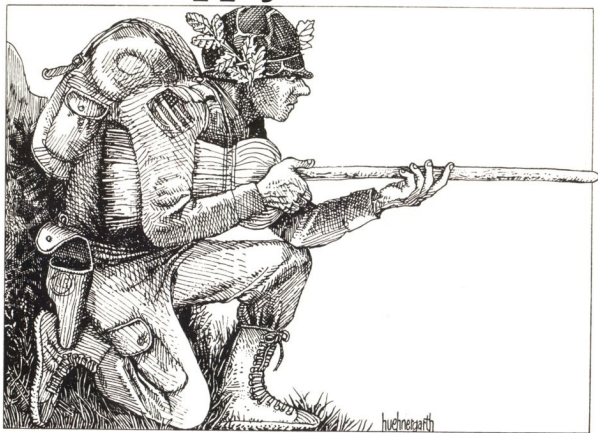
Once traveling newsman Charles Kuralt claimed Kansas had a dearth of good restaurants. Turns out the president of the National Restaurant Association took offense. Also turns out he was from Kansas. Great tact, huh? But the kind of honesty we've come to expect from the man who's always on the road to finding the *real* America. Tune in Kuralt's "Dateline: America" every weekend. (P.S. Kuralt finally found his idea of a terrific Kansas restaurant. If you're ever in Alma...)



Mike Wallace, Dan Rather and Charles Kuralt make you look forward to the weekend even more than usual. And when you add our *local* station personalities, depend on staying entertained and enlightened even when you're otherwise engaged. We'll never rain you out, you can take us anywhere and we'll help you get more out of the weekend (even if you can't get out of the chores).

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Just how much should America count on overseas sources for steel? What happens if those sources are suddenly cut off—or if they suddenly decide they need their steel at home?

Last year steel imports reached an all-time record of 21.1 million tons. And unless we soon start expanding our domestic steelmaking capacity, that figure could reach 25 to 30 million tons a year by 1985. And America could find itself as dependent on foreign steel as it is on foreign oil.

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Bethlehem 

Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016

TIME/JULY 23, 1979

COVER STORIES

Carter At the Crossroads

After a week of mulling the country's fate, he speaks out

In the whole history of American politics, there had never been anything quite like it. As theater, it offered mystery, an aura of crisis, a high moral purpose and a dash of comedy. For six days an eclectic representation of the American Establishment—Governors, Cabinet members, bankers, insurance executives, professors of sociology, obscure local politicians and even a Greek Orthodox archbishop—gathered in groups in Washington. Marine helicopters ferried them to the mountaintop presidential retreat at Camp David. There Jimmy Carter, outfitted sometimes in blue jeans, at other times in snappy sport coats, pressed them for their ideas about energy, the economy, his own Administration, the national mood—and himself. Toward week's end, while aides were drafting the Sunday-night TV speech that he hoped would rally the nation, the President lent confusion to the proceedings by twice vanishing from his mountain by helicopter to confer with ordinary citizens. Thursday night he descended on the Carnegie, Pa., home of Machinist William Fisher and his wife Bette, and sipped lemonade with their friends on the back porch for 90 minutes. Friday morning he swooped into Martinsburg, W. Va., where he called on Marvin Porterfield, a retired Marine major and disabled veteran of World War II, his wife Ginny and 17 friends and neighbors.

Carter's declared purpose was to re-new his contact with the American people, to discover their anxieties and to reassure them of the concern of their chosen leaders. "There has been a lost sense of trust," he told aides, "a loss of confidence in the future." Part of that concern, he inevitably learned, involved the President himself. For some time past, but more sharply this summer, the U.S. has been slipping into a morass of interrelated problems. One is the energy crisis, marked by its gas lines and soaring prices. One is the painful combination of inflation and economic stagnation. One is the widespread perception that Jimmy Carter has seemed unable to make a strong attack on either of the first two.

While the President was at Camp David, his economic advisers made it official: the U.S. is in an inflationary recession. National output, they predicted, will shrink 0.5% this year; prices nonetheless will climb 10.6%, and the number of jobless may grow by 1.3 million, to around 7 million late next year. The inflation is be-



“ There's only one person really that can consistently speak with a clear voice to the American people. That's the President. ”

ing fanned and the recession worsened by large OPEC oil price boosts that underscore the debilitating U.S. dependence on imported petroleum. Carter was earnestly aware, if the people of the U.S. were not yet, that the nation must find some way to start breaking that dependence if it is to have any chance for long-term, noninflationary economic growth.

But to make headway against these problems, the President realized he also

must start overcoming his chief political weakness, his reputation for hesitancy and indecision. Two weeks ago, returning from the Tokyo summit to a nation exasperated by a siege of gas lines, he compounded his difficulties by first scheduling a major policy speech on energy, then abruptly canceling it without a word of explanation. The Camp David summit, which began 48 hours later, represented above all an attempt to start rebuilding an image of purposeful leadership.

In one way it succeeded: many guests came away with new respect and sympathy for Carter. In another it probably would prove unsuccessful: it was unlikely that any Carter speech could live up to the expectations that surrounded his appearance on Sunday night. Ironically, on CBS-TV, the speech pre-empted a segment of *Moses—The Lawgiver*, a series that depicts Moses descending from Mount Sinai with the Ten Commandments.

Carter's Sunday-night goal was to appeal to the national sense of purpose and express confidence that the traditions of self-discipline and determination could solve even the most intractable problems. His energy program, outlined on Sunday, was to be fleshed out in two Monday speeches, in Kansas City and Detroit. The most immediate improvement that Carter could mention on the energy front came in the form of news from abroad, that Saudi Arabia had agreed to increase its pumping of crude oil by 1 million bbl. per day, to a new rate of 9.5 million bbl. (Also announced late last week: a new \$1.2 billion arms sale to the Saudis.) The additional Saudi oil would wipe out much of the shortage of crude in world markets, permit U.S. refineries to run faster (they in fact worked at 90% of capacity in early July, the best rate this year) and prevent the long gasoline lines of late June from reappearing this year. But the Saudi action emphasizes rather than relieves the U.S. dependence on foreign oil, and Carter himself fears that it might lessen the sense of crisis that could put the nation in a mood to take long-range action.

Though his decisions may lack high drama, Carter seemed to be settling on an ambitious series of energy measures. He announced in advance, to the disappointment of some advisers, that he had "no intention" of lifting controls on gasoline prices because he thought the step would be too inflationary. Instead, his eventual program was expected to feature: ▶ Import quotas, effective immediately,



Nation

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

A Man Searching for Consensus

Sometimes he seemed like a college student as he sat there on the floor in those jeans and took those endless notes on his yellow pads. At other times he seemed more like a participant in group therapy. He wanted to hear what was wrong with him, how he had failed. Give it to him with the bark off, again and again. He seemed at times almost to savor the punishment. For hours, for days, Jimmy Carter counseled with dozens of diverse citizens flown to the Maryland mountaintop. He was writing one of the most extraordinary chapters in presidential decision making.

Born out of a personal concern for the country and his private political despair, Carter's exercise in group-think seemed destined, if successful, to recast his whole approach to leadership, the tone and emphasis of his Administration and, finally, American society. If not successful, then the singular twelve days in July might turn out to be a spectacular dramatization of just what is wrong with Carter's presidency—talk without understanding, programs without the means of implementation. When Carter finally came down to the Potomac valley last week the question of what had happened was still delicately balanced, with as many doubts as assurances.

In Carter's approach to leadership, he has from the start differed markedly from his predecessors. He has been almost as much a suppliant as an authority, a man searching for an elusive consensus in town halls and along Main Street. He has walked more among the people than ahead of them. Thus, there were almost biblical overtones to the scene, described by the Camp David participants, of the most powerful man in the Western world seated at their feet.

Those who were in his presence came back full of praise and hope for Carter. His sincerity won them. Some, who had counseled Presidents as far back as Truman, were at first stunned, then fascinated by this attempt to lead by learning, to make new policy from a cram course in national attitudes. All of the guests seemed carried along by that small, warm figure who implored them to help him set the U.S. right again before the future fell in on the country.

But those who watched from below the serene encampment piled up more and more questions the longer the seminars ran. "A yellow-pad President," said Republican Howard Baker, an eager though undeclared candidate for the job. But he had a point that haunted many. It was estimated that Carter's notes ran to hundreds of pages. From such a mishmash of people, prejudice and points of view, how can an executive distill any rational policy in so short a time? Many thought he could not, that this was another demonstration of Carter's mistaken idea of how an executive does his job. He may overwhelm himself with too many facts, to the point that he cannot finally make a decision with vision and conviction. He may be searching for a mid-

dle way, the pathway of the healer. But it may be time now to move beyond that phase and take a road that will collide headlong with noisy minority interests. The late, infamous Jimmy Hoffa, prodded once about truth's being "somewhere in between," answered contemptuously and correctly, "The truth is where it's at." Leadership, too, is where it's at, and not necessarily in the middle.

Before he took to the mountain, Carter turned to Secretary of Energy James Schlesinger and uttered a line that has taken on some notoriety. He asked his chief energy planner for a program that would be both "bold and forceful" and "highly acceptable." New York Times Columnist William Safire seized on that rhetorical fragment as an illustration of Carter's contradictory nature. Bold and forceful programs get that way because they are not, at least at first, highly acceptable. Beyond that concern was another. After 30 months in office, living, eating and breathing the details of this world's troubles, why is Carter's mind not yet focused on the nature of the difficulties and the actions

needed to correct them?

The Camp David domestic summit seems at once too much (too many people, too many notes) and too little (twelve days, or even twelve weeks, is not enough time to learn what is happening in this country if Carter is as baffled as his actions sometimes suggest). The President's consultations were also a devastating indictment of his own advisers—or testimony to his failure to use them correctly. If they have not kept him abreast of the origins and likely consequences of problems now before the nation, or if he has not listened to them, or listening, has not heard, then there is not apt to be much of a mountain-

top awakening, despite the brave words that will follow the summit. Surely the President has been at least vaguely aware of the cannibalistic rituals of his own men who from the first day on the job carved up Cabinet officers, who then returned the favor. The chief casualty was loyalty to the President, the cement of any Administration, the essential force of political progress.

For all the doubt, though, cautious hope was kindled again along the streets of summertime Washington. Maybe Jimmy Carter would be born yet a third time. And maybe the U.S. has changed enough in the past few weeks to accept a new challenge. The energy furor has sobered an inebriate citizenry to the fact that the problem is real, and just starting. Democracies are hard to lead when things are going well, reluctant to accept bad news. But in times of true crisis, their spirit and determination are the most powerful force in human affairs. The best hope is that Jimmy Carter, with a clearer view of the far horizon, might at last find the nation willing to listen and to respond. If so, we may have entered a new and exciting era in America. But if not, we may enter an age of dangerous uncertainty.



The President makes a point at one of the meetings at Camp David

flatly prohibiting the landing of more than 8.5 million bbl. per day—slightly more than now. That would fulfill a pledge Carter made at the Tokyo summit not to increase imports.

- Measures to force utilities to burn less oil. They would have to cut their use of oil 65% over the next decade, primarily by switching to coal.

- Formation of a "solar bank" to aid projects that would push the proportion of all U.S. energy supplied by solar power to 20% by the year 2000.

- Creation of an Energy Mobilization Board, similar to the old War Production Board, empowered to cut through the red tape that often strangles domestic energy projects. One possible example: clearing the way for a pipeline to carry Alaskan crude from California to Texas.

- Organization of a Government corporation to help bankrupt production of synthetic fuels, such as oil or natural gas manufactured from coal or oil squeezed out of shale rock. Aim: output of 2 million bbl. per day by 1990, at a cost, the President told one Camp David session, that might run as high as \$120 billion.

- Enactment of new tax incentives to encourage pumping of oil and natural gas out of geologic formations that make the extraction of such fuels difficult.

- Encouragement of conservation. One proposal: requiring utilities to install insulation and other fuel-saving materials in customers' homes, for which the customer would pay only when he sold his home. As a preliminary measure, while still at Camp David, the President ordered thermostats in nonresidential buildings—factories, office towers, stores, discos—set no lower than 78° F in summer and no higher than 65° F in winter.

- A demand to Congress for presidential authority to ration gasoline. A similar request was voted down in May, but Congress has since felt the wrath of the voters, and would likely grant such powers.

While all these ideas have merit, Congress, which long delayed Carter's energy plans, has now taken the initiative in pushing such measures as synthetic fuels. Carter declares that he does not want to compete against Congress on these issues, and he is still critical of the legislators for sitting on his earlier proposals. Nonetheless, he has a lot of catching up to do in satisfying voter demands for energy action.

That problem of national leadership, far more than any attempt to solicit new policy ideas or even test out presidential proposals on representatives of varied constituencies, was the purpose of the Camp David summit. In large part, the meetings were a quite delib-



"It's just as we've always said—the trouble is in Washington."

erate—and, aides acknowledged, very risky—attempt to build suspense for the President's speech and energy program by focusing the nation's eyes on Camp David. The attempt was undertaken in full knowledge that the failure would be all the more resounding if the speech and program turned out to be weak.

The drama began on Wednesday, July 4, when Carter read the original energy speech that his aides had written. He judged it good, he said (though at least one White House insider openly called it terrible), but he decided, after talking to Rosalynn, that the nation would not pay attention. It would be just another energy talk, and he felt he had to speak to broader national concerns. Carter canceled the speech and, while reporters were trying to find out what on earth he was doing on the

mountain, summoned his senior staff to Camp David. He said later that he already had the idea of the summit in mind, though at that point he had discussed it only with his wife.

The next day, Thursday, the President, Rosalynn, Vice President Walter Mondale, Chief Aide Hamilton Jordan, Press Secretary Jody Powell, Image Builder Gerald Rafshoon, Domestic Affairs Adviser Stuart Eizenstat and Pollster Patrick Caddell gathered around a table in the President's Aspen Lodge and drew up lists of people to invite to the summit. The lists were broken into broad headings—one was "religious and ethical leaders," later inevitably nicknamed "the God squad"—and organized day by day. Aides began phoning invitations Friday morning, and the first group, a hastily assembled collection of eight Governors, arrived for dinner that night. Eventually, 134 people were shuttled to the mountaintop.

They did not constitute a representative sample of national leadership. Many of the guests, even from private life, had close ties to Carter or to previous Democratic Administrations. Barbara Newell, president of Wellesley College, professed herself surprised to be invited. She should not have been taken aback; she is slated to be named by Carter as Under Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

Hardly any Republicans were asked, a strange oversight for a President seeking to build a national consensus. No G.O.P. Representatives at all were included among the 18 Congressmen who were invited. Republicans blamed House Speaker Tip O'Neill, who retorted that the Congressmen had been selected by White House Aide Frank Moore. Huffed House G.O.P. Leader John Rhodes: "I'm not upset. It's his business whom he invites." In one or two cases, invitations appeared to be bartered for favors. Colorado Governor Richard Lamm, a sharp critic of Carter, was offered an invitation if he would join other Democrats in a Governors Conference resolution endorsing the President's re-nomination. Lamm abstained from the vote and the summit.

Most of the guests gathered at the White House, from which vans whisked them to a makeshift helipad hard by the Reflecting Pool and the Washington Monument for the flight to Camp David. Arriving there, they were met by Secret Service men and ushered to the Laurel Lodge, where Carter joined them for breakfast, lunch or dinner and long postmeal talks; one lasted five hours, until 1 a.m. Food ranged from routine (steak and



Secret Service guards White House roof as Carter returns from Camp David

Thoughts from Camp David

As he talked to his summit guests, the President repeatedly described his deep feelings and grave concerns. A sampler:

I've thought a lot about our country in this last week, and for a number of months I've been particularly concerned about the attitude of people. When I ran for President, I tapped the basic problems of our nation: the shocking assassination of J.F.K. and the ignominious defeat that we suffered in Viet Nam. A realization for the first time that our nation has limited natural resources [came] in 1973-74 with the oil embargo. In some ways the nation has not gotten over this.

I think there's a general sense of love and reverence for the nation, the United States of America. I think there's an antipathy or distrust or even sometimes a hatred of the Government of the U.S.; not just me, but I'm part of it.

I've commented about the moral equivalent of war, which was more a subject of scorn and ridicule than it was of serious analysis, and I think it's inevitable that it's going to get worse in '80 than it was in '79, and it will get worse in '81 than in '80. The only trend is downward. But it's been almost impossible to get people to face up to this. With the aftermath of gas lines in California and on the East Coast, they have to come around. My own belief and my own hope is that if I can present the case to the public clearly, the Congress will act.

I think it's inevitable that there will be a lower standard of living than what everybody had always anticipated, constant growth. I think by the year 2000 we'll be using more energy than we are now, but there's going to be a downward turning. Part of it stems from more conservation, I think. A lot of it can come from not a change in the quality of life but maybe the quantity of consumer goods that we use and waste. I think there's going to have to be a reorientation of what people value in their own lives. I believe that there has to be a more equitable sharing of what we have.

We have a lot of differences with the Soviets, but I spent six hours a day with Brezhnev, talking about not only SALT but also about other problems, and a lot of the problems we face in the Western world are the same as the ones faced in the Eastern world: general malaise and a general dissatisfaction with present circumstances, withdrawal of people from one another, an immediate

fragmentation of society, a redivision of ethnic groups, economic strata, energy shortages becoming increasingly prevalent, people struggling with a need to maintain ancient ethics.

We probably are the most blessed of all the Western nations, but [we are] in effect two nations: the producing nation—ours is among the largest on earth—and the largest consumer nation on earth. And in the past, as you know, the producers have controlled our political system. In the past two years, there has been a growing division in our society about oil because the consumer voice has become stronger and stronger, and now they're about equal, I think.

I've had some of my best comments from people I'd never heard of before. A young black female mayor of a little town in Mississippi was kind of excited about being here, and she said, "Mr. President, one thing you have to remember is that they can't sell something on Wall Street unless someone digs it up first." It's a reminder of the fact that some of us have been in a recession all our lives.

I believe this moment that a successful addressing of the energy question can be kind of a marshaling try or a binding point or a cutting edge to prove to our people again that our nation is capable of the individual initiative that comes from human freedom, the free-enterprise system that brings out innovation, a Government that is flexible and resilient and responsive, I hope. These factors and others I think can give us an ability to take a tremendous advance.

I think I need to speak with a clear voice. I think I've been too bogged down in the management of the mechanism of the Government in Washington. I've not done as good a job as I should have governing our people, of staying as focused on our people as I was when I first came into Washington. I think I need to present my programs more clearly. There's only one person really who can consistently speak with a clear voice to the American people. That's the President. But unless I'm able to do it successfully, I think it might be a time before we have this opportunity again. I think it's kind of a turning point, and I really am convinced after this week that the people are ready for it. A lot of the very diverse and very independent members of Congress, the very senior members, say, "Mr. President, for God's sake, you just tell us what to do and we will do it."

fresh vegetables) to exotic ("ten-boy curry," an Indian dish so named because ten mess boys supposedly are required to serve it and its condiments).

To the relief of many visitors who had been reading about the President's exhaustion on his return from the Tokyo summit, Carter appeared relaxed and in good spirits. He jogged with guests in the mornings, joked with them at meals and conducted one evening session seated on the floor of the Aspen Lodge. Many guests were charmed by the President's informal, down-home hospitality.

Carter was serious, however, and surprisingly candid about his perception of the national mood. To one group he described it as a "malaise" of confusion, pessimism and distrust that had roots much deeper than gasoline lines or double-digit inflation. It began, he said, with the assassination of President Kennedy, deepened through Viet Nam and Watergate, and now caused Americans to distrust all institutions and leaders. He voiced deep distrust about a poll that, he said, showed most Americans expecting less prosperous lives for their children than for themselves. (The reference was apparently to a Caddell poll done privately for the White House.) To a group of labor leaders and civic and government officials, Carter implied that the nation is in a moral decline. He lamented the numbers of unmarried people living together, and said he and Rosalynn rarely let Amy watch new movies because they are filled with four-letter words.

The President himself frequently brought up the widespread feeling that he must bear some of the blame for the national malaise, and even conceded that there might be something to it. Perhaps, he mused, he had unwittingly become too much a "head of Government" immersed in policy minutiae, too little a leader charting new directions. The President acknowledged that his steadily declining ratings in the opinion polls had persuaded him that he needed to take a new approach. He had been "pretty severely compromised," he said, and "one of the compromises that comes from a low standing in the polls is that people don't pay any attention to you, and the Congress doesn't pay any attention to you, and the Governors don't pay any attention to you."

Now the gas lines and economic whirlwinds have made Congress and the country receptive to a new beginning, but what should it be, where should he turn? He urged the guests to say whatever they thought, and not to spare him or his staff in their criticisms. At one evening session the staff even left the room, at the suggestion of Jordan, so that the discussion could be more uninhibited. Jordan at one point "got torn apart," said one participant. Once opening remarks to each group were over, Carter listened far more than he talked.

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Passport Scotch.

Nation

The guests voiced comments ranging from the quite specific to the very general. Governor Hugh Carey of New York complained that heating oil was not getting through from refineries to jobbers in his state. Carter promised to look into the situation. Economist Walter Heller suggested a \$25 billion tax cut, which he said would not be inflationary because it would only replace "the dollars OPEC is picking from our pockets." Carter did not commit himself, but there seemed to be a general sense that October would be soon enough to consider a tax cut.

Inevitably, there was a babble of conflicting suggestions (balance the budget to curb inflation, start public works programs to fight unemployment) and a good deal of general exhortation about the need for a strong hand on the national tiller. Democratic Senate Leader Robert Byrd thundered: "Mr. President, someone has said, 'Be bold, and mighty forces will come to your aid.' Once the American people understand the problem and rally in support of leadership, there is no problem they can't overcome." Connecticut Governor Ella Grasso advised Carter to "go out on the stump and talk to the people the way you just talked to us." The President took it all cheerfully; several guests got an impression that he feels isolated in the White House.

Carter himself told several guests that he felt he had lost the touch with the country that he had developed during the 1976 campaign, and longed to get it back. He will change the way he conducts the presidency, he said. He will spend less time behind his desk poring over briefing papers, more traveling around the nation meeting people. He mused that he might try some other tactics, perhaps making a regular practice of "having seven or eight Governors in to spend the night with me at the White House and just talk over how we can cooperate and deal with the energy question, because I see the states as kind of 50 experiment stations."

Serious though the sessions were, they had lighter moments. Clark Clifford, 72, former Secretary of Defense and all-around troubleshooter for Democratic Presidents, tried to ride a bike for the first time in 60 years and fell on the seat of his pants. Said Clifford: "The last time I rode a bicycle, you reversed the pedals to stop. This time I reversed the pedals and it went faster. I bailed out."

Some of the humor contained good-natured barbs. At a session with journalists toward the end of the week, Carter encountered a long delay getting a gin-and-tonic for himself. "No authority around here," somebody muttered. Earlier, Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine had told a story about a preacher offering an eloquent sermon during a drought. The congregation congratulated him, but one remarked: "A little rain would do us a hell of a lot more good." Muskie's point: the nation needs

action rather than just speeches.

The summit produced some vivid phrasing too. Urban League Executive Director Vernon Jordan observed of Carter: "He's going to have to say the right prayer, preach the right sermon, sing the right hymn." The Rev. Jesse Jackson, another black leader, told reporters, "We have an energy crisis, an urban crisis, growing racial polarization, a moral crisis. You get all these together and you have a civilizational crisis." At another point, speaking to Carter directly about the vulnerability of the U.S. caused by oil imports, Jackson came up with a back-alley metaphor: "Mr. President, we've got our vital organs over the fence and our neighbors have the knife."

Carter's efforts to break through the isolation he had suddenly felt were behind the President's surprise visits to the Fishers and the Porterfields. Aides say those calls were planned at the same time as the summit itself. Carter wanted to sample the views of middle-class citizens after spending a week with the nation's elite. But the plans were kept so secret that the hosts had no idea how or why they were singled out. And the White House declined to say.

Both couples were approached by third parties and asked to assemble some friends for a talk on national issues. They

were given the impression that their guest would be Pollster Caddell. Caddell did call on the Fishers to inform them that the President himself would be there in an hour; he handed Bette Fisher \$100 to buy refreshments. She rushed to a delicatessen about ten miles away and bought mounds of cold cuts and cole slaw, but Carter and Rosalynn, who accompanied him on both trips, declined to eat anything; they settled for lemonade. Ginny Porterfield had prepared coffee and sweet rolls for the visitor from Washington and friends and neighbors, including two doctors, some farmers, retired schoolteachers and widows. But she and the major had no idea that the President was coming until Carter rather than Caddell walked through the door of their one-story yellow stucco house.

Indications are that Carter heard from the middle-class citizens pretty much the same things he had been listening to at Camp David. The Porterfields and their group declined to talk about what was said, except that the discussion covered "what the people are worried about." William Fisher said, "We talked about a lot of things: the oil shortage, gas lines, SALT. I told him I thought the country was in a downhill spiral with respect to the economy, inflation and gasoline. He agreed with me.



Ham Jordan Gets the Boot

While White House Aide Hamilton Jordan was huddling with his boss up at Camp David, searching for some answers to the gas crisis, the Washington metropolitan police department last week found Hamilton's own gas-guzzling white Chrysler Cordoba parked near his home in Northwest Washington.

It was not hard to find since it sports Georgia license plates and a JIMMY CARTER FOR PRESIDENT bumper sticker. The police immobilized the car by applying the so-called French boot (a device that prevents the car from moving) to the left front wheel. Their reason for putting a grip on Ham was Jordan's failure to pay \$110 worth of parking tickets he has accumulated since last August. His violations: parking illegally during rush hour, in front of a fire hydrant and twice in no-parking zones. It was the second booting for Jordan. The first was in December 1977. Jordan offered no excuses. Said he with an abashed grin: "I paid those tickets just as soon as they told me about them."

Nation

He thinks the country's in a downhill spin too."

Another man sitting on Fisher's porch confirmed Carter's worry that his messages were not getting through to the people, that, as the President later told Camp David visitors, "they either turned off their television sets or went bowling." Fisher's friend told Carter that people had been concerned about his cancellation of his original speech, but Carter promptly asked, "Would you have listened if I had made the speech?" "He thought a long time," Carter recalled, "and he said, 'Well, I listened to your earlier speeches.' And I said, 'No, I want to know if you

to keep in touch with and does not. Some advisers would like to see Jordan moved out of the White House entirely and assigned to run Carter's re-election campaign. Jordan has been resisting that, and the President is said to have decided on a completely different approach—naming Jordan, in effect, chief of staff. In that post, he will have to develop a greater talent for organization than any he has shown so far. Says one key Democrat of the impending staff shifts: "The very people who are the problem are going to be left in place."

Among Cabinet members, Secretary of Energy James Schlesinger came under

Dukakis, former Governor of Massachusetts; John Sawhill, president of New York University and onetime energy czar under Presidents Nixon and Ford; David Freeman, head of the TVA. Getting anyone of substance to take the job may be difficult. It is a thankless task at best, and its authority would be reduced by the creation of any form of Energy Mobilization Board.

Other members of the Cabinet were raked over the coals too. Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal was denigrated once again, and several visitors added a new target: HEW Secretary Joseph Califano. The guests told Carter that Califano seemed to be working for himself, was not enough of a team player and needed to be reined in. The President made no attempt to choke off the criticisms.

Personnel shifts conceivably might help give the nation a new sense of leadership. But they certainly cannot do the job alone, even if they were far more radical than any the President seems likely to undertake. A cohesive domestic policy is the prime requisite, and unfortunately all of Carter's options are risky. The budget-cutting and tight-money strategies thought necessary to restrain inflation were helping to bring on a recession even before OPEC's latest oil gouge; an anti-recession tax cut might indeed worsen inflation. In the energy field, nearly all strategies for increasing domestic fuel production are expensive and involve some environmental damage; production of synthetic fuels may be especially dirty. Rigorous conservation measures would entail changes in lifestyles that few U.S. citizens would suffer without protest.

Carter openly mulled over the harsh alternatives of gas rationing or price deregulation, and he had problems with both. His original request for stand-by authority to impose rationing failed in the House last spring partly because of disputes over whether to allot fuel by the number of cars, of drivers, or on the basis of past consumption. Carter insists he needs stand-by rationing authority. "Only when I get that authority can I develop a rationing plan," he told visitors. "I think it would take at least five or six months under the best of circumstances, once I get the authority, to go ahead and get the mechanisms involved, rationing stamps printed up..."

But he was adamant against price deregulation, which is favored by many economic experts, including his own Energy Secretary Schlesinger. "That would in effect be rationing by price," Carter said. "I am not going to do that. Every time you raise the price of gasoline by one cent it costs the American consumer roughly a billion dollars. And I know that the people who are most in need are quite often those who have to drive farthest to work and they are the ones who have the most wasteful automobiles, the '64 Oldsmobile



Chatting with the Fishers and their neighbors in Carnegie, Pa.

"Mr. President, I hate to answer you, but I promise you I'll listen to you."

would have listened last Thursday night." He said, "Mr. President, I hate to answer you, but I promise you I'll listen to you on Sunday night."

If the people did listen, would it mean that Carter can begin pulling the nation—and his own presidency—out of its "downhill spin"? Much of the discussion at Camp David focused on the need for changes in Carter's staff, and perhaps in the Cabinet. A reshuffling is coming. White House insiders said last week, but it probably will stop far short of what many summit guests urged and thought Carter would carry out.

Press Secretary Powell probably will be moved out of his present job, where he has been increasingly engaging in bad-tempered exchanges with reporters, and given broader duties supervising White House business. Says one senior aide: "We need someone to kick ass here."

That should be Hamilton Jordan's job, but he has neglected it, and domestic political tasks generally, to immerse himself in foreign policy. He has angered congressional leaders, whom he is supposed

to keep in touch with and does not. Some advisers would like to see Jordan moved out of the White House entirely and assigned to run Carter's re-election campaign. Jordan has been resisting that, and the President is said to have decided on a completely different approach—naming Jordan, in effect, chief of staff. In that post, he will have to develop a greater talent for organization than any he has shown so far. Says one key Democrat of the impending staff shifts: "The very people who are the problem are going to be left in place."

O'Leary scarcely makes a satisfactory scapegoat, so Schlesinger is still expected to depart soon, though just when is uncertain. White House aides are discussing assignments that could keep him in harness—ambassador to NATO, perhaps—and floating names of possible successors as Secretary of Energy. Among them: John D. deButts, former chairman of A T & T; Dixy Lee Ray, Governor of Washington and former chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission; Michael

that they can't afford to trade in for a brand new Honda."

If such choices are presented in the economist's jargon of trade-off—a bit less of this for a bit more of that—they can sound singularly deadening. But if trumpeted as calls to sacrifice, they can prove inspiring, as many Presidents have discovered in earlier crises. Clarion calls have not been Carter's forte in the past, however, and some of his supporters fear that once again he built expectations too high. Predicted Walter Heller just after his session at Camp David: "That speech is going to have to be a stem-winder, and Carter unfortunately is not a stem-winder speaker."

But regardless of how the most important speech of his presidency is ultimately assessed, Carter did take an inspirational step with his Camp David summit. True, not everybody came away from it inspired. Jerry Wurf, president of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees and one of Carter's earliest labor supporters in 1976, returned grumbling that unionists might consider voting for a Republican in 1980. But the reaction of Connecticut Governor Grasso was more typical: she found Carter "upbeat and confident, just terribly impressive." At the minimum, most of the summit visitors were persuaded to give Carter the benefit of the doubt for a few

days, as he struggled to devise a program and a way to sell it.

One problem at least the President had surely solved as he prepared to go before the TV cameras. At Camp David he complained that he had been losing his audience. Some 80 million people had watched his first fireside chat on energy in 1977, he recalled, but only 30 million had tuned in for his fourth, last April. That was scarcely the trouble Sunday night. However unorthodox his method, Carter had seized the nation's attention. He and his aides knew he had taken a gigantic gamble. If he failed to capitalize on this chance to assert his leadership, he would not get many more. ■

Horrible Conglomeration

"I believe that we have now got such a horrible conglomeration of confusion in the energy field that nobody knows what is going to happen." So said Jimmy Carter—two years ago. His solution then was the creation of a new Cabinet-level Department of Energy, now budgeted at \$11 billion a year and staffed by 20,000 employees. Yet his description of the situation serves as well today as it did before the department was created.

Last week, as he ended his domestic summit at Camp David, no one was more aware of the problem at DOE than Carter himself. One solution being discussed: to create an energy emergency board to expedite projects that DOE has been handling and a separate Government corporation to oversee the production of synthetic fuels. Said a top DOE official: "If they do all that, we might as well close up shop over here." That could please a lot of people. Says New Hampshire Senator John Durkin: "The performance of DOE has been, at best, abysmal. It calmly presides over shortages, massive increases in profits, and a messed up allocation system."

It was Congress itself that wrote the mishmash of laws that the department tries to administer. Still, the department has added to its own woes.

► **Gas Prices.** Despite statutory limits on prices and profits at the retail level for gasoline, the agency's own regulators admit that as much as half of the gasoline sold today is priced higher than the law permits. With only 400 inspectors to police 225,000 gasoline retail outlets, enforcement has been futile. This week the department will increase the legal profits retailers can collect. Thus stations, some of which have closed down in protest, may be able to raise prices another nickel a gallon.

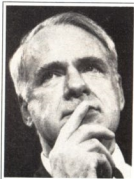
► **Strategic Storage.** One of the most critical functions given to the department was creation of a strategic petroleum reserve, a 1 billion-bbl. oil stockpile designed to offset shortages created by such interruptions as the Arab oil embargo of 1973. But when Iranian production was cut earlier this year, that reserve, which was supposed to stand then at 250 million bbl., had reached only 60 million bbl. Incredibly, DOE had not installed the pumps necessary to retrieve the oil from the Louisiana salt domes into which it was being pumped. Those pumps were finally installed last month.

► **Gas Allocations.** Working from a 400-page set of regulations governing the amounts of gasoline to be distributed to various parts of the country, the department has attempted to foresee changes in demand and to match them with potential supply. It has failed. Even Energy Secretary James Schlesinger says his department's rules have "put the gasoline where the cars are not." Shifting of supplies has alleviated problems for some areas while worsening them for others. Two weeks ago, 21 states were experiencing gas lines. At week's end, the department again modified allocation rules to limit supplies for new stations and to stiffen standards by which agricultural and defense users get gasoline.

Many of Carter's closest aides have urged that Schlesinger be sacked, if for no other reason than to symbolize a change in energy policy. But there are also more practical reasons. As a top energy official said last week: "He does not get along well with anyone except the President and some Armed Services Committee types like [Senator] Henry Jackson. His personality was his own greatest enemy in this job, and a lot of our problems stemmed from that." The official also criticized Schlesinger's managerial methods. Said he: "Schlesinger basically takes over those parts of the department he wants and then forgets the rest, yet he is unwilling to give management control to individuals."

The political crossfire has taken its toll, and Schlesinger's highly respected deputy John O'Leary announced last week that he will quit come September. That loss will do nothing to still criticism of the department. Explained one O'Leary aide: "The political infighting, the long hours, the constant verbal battles with Congressmen, heads of interest groups and officials here in the department were just too much."

O'Leary himself, while refusing to criticize the White House, confesses to political exhaustion: "Even if I was going to stay around here, I would have to take the entire month of August to recuperate. I cannot go on at this pace." At the same time, O'Leary defends his department and contends that given time, it could do its job well. Adds O'Leary wistfully: "No new department has ever gotten on its feet in less than five years. What we really need is six years of peace." That is an unlikely prospect for those who are supposed to fight the moral equivalent of war.



James Schlesinger



John O'Leary

The Camp David Guest List

Among the various notables who helicoptered to the mountaintop were:

Friday, July 6, the Governors: Otis Bowen of Indiana; George Busbee of Georgia; Brendan Byrne of New Jersey; Hugh Carey of New York; Julian Carroll of Kentucky; Ella Grasso of Connecticut; James Hunt of North Carolina; Dixy Lee Ray of Washington.

Saturday, July 7, prominent



Cardinal Cooke

Boggs of Louisiana; Thornton Bradshaw, president of Atlantic Richfield Co.; David Freeman, chairman of the T.V.A.; Russell Peterson, former Governor of Delaware and president of the National Audubon Society; John Sawhill, president of New York University and former administrator of the Federal Energy Administration; Martin Ward, president of the plumbers and pipefitters union; Jerome Wiesner, president of M.I.T.

Monday, July 9, the legislators: Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd and 13 Senators; House Speaker Tip O'Neill and 15 Congressmen.

Tuesday morning, July 10, economic, labor and business leaders: Robert Abboud, board chairman of the First National Bank of Chicago; Douglas Fraser, president of the United Auto Workers; John Kenneth Galbraith, author and economics professor emeritus at Harvard; Lyle Gramley, member of the Council of Economic Advisers; John Gutfreund, head of Salomon Brothers; Paul Hall, president of the seafarers union; Walter Heller, economics professor at the University of Minnesota and member of the TIME Board of Economists; Jesse Hill, Atlanta businessman; Reginald Jones, board chairman of the General Electric Co.; Lawrence Klein, economics professor at the University of Pennsylvania; Arthur Okun, senior fellow at the Brookings Institution and a member of the TIME Board of Economists; Harold Somers, economics professor at U.C.L.A.; Marina Whitman, economics professor at the

University of Pittsburgh; Governor Richard Snelling of Vermont; Cabinet Secretaries Blumenthal of Treasury, Kreps of Commerce, Marshall of Labor.

Tuesday afternoon, religious leaders: Jimmy Allen, former president of the Southern Baptist Convention; Robert Bellah, sociology professor, University of California at Berkeley; William Cannon, United Methodist bishop of Georgia; Terence Cardinal Cooke of New York; Patrick Flores, Roman Catholic bishop of El Paso; Archbishop Iakovos, head of the

board chairman of the Aetna Life and Casualty Co.; Eli Ginzberg, chairman of the National Commission for Employment Policy; Carl Holman, president of the National Urban Coalition; Benjamin Hooks, executive director of the N.A.A.C.P.; Vernon Jordan, executive director of the National Urban League; David Lizarra, co-chairman of the National Black-Hispanic Democratic coalition; John Lyons, president of the iron workers union; David Mahoney, board chairman of Norton Simon, Inc.; Labor Secretary Ray Marshall; Lloyd McBride, president of the steelworkers union; Ruben Mettler, board chairman of TRW, Inc.; Eleanor Holmes Norton, chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission; Jerry Wurf, president of the state, county and municipal employees union.

Wednesday afternoon, local officials: Governors John Evans of Idaho, Joe Garrahy of Rhode Island, Tom Judge of Montana, Ed King of Massachusetts, Dick Riley of South



Barbara Newell

Greek Orthodox Church; the Rev. Otis Moss Jr., a Cleveland Baptist minister; David Preus, president of the American Lutheran Church; Claire Randall, general secretary of the National Council of Churches; Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum of the American Jewish Committee.

Wednesday morning, July 11, a miscellany: Mary Berry, Assistant Secretary for Education, HEW; Nicholas Carbone, deputy mayor of Hartford; Sol Chaikin, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union; John Filer,



J. K. Galbraith

Carolina, Dick Thornburgh of Pennsylvania; Mayors Unita Blackwell of Mayersville, Miss., Tom Bradley of Los Angeles, Richard Carver of Peoria, Ill., Richard Hatcher of Gary, Ind., Maynard Jackson of Atlanta, Ed Koch of New York, Henry Maier of Milwaukee, Coleman Young of Detroit; State Senator Polly Baca-Barragan of Colorado; State Representative Philip Davitt of Iowa; State Speakers Stanley Fink of New York and Ned R. McWherter of Tennessee.



Clark Clifford

citizens: former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford; John Gardner, ex-chairman of Common Cause; the Rev. Jesse Jackson, director of Operation PUSH; Lane Kirkland, secretary-treasurer of the AFL-CIO; Sol Linowitz, lawyer



Vernon Jordan

and occasional ambassador-at-large; Barbara Newell, president of Wellesley.

Sunday, July 8, more politicians and energy specialists: Energy Secretary James Schlesinger; Governors Hugh Galen of New Hampshire, Robert Graham of Florida and John D. Rockefeller IV of West Virginia; Representative Corinne



Reginald Jones

5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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this little tar...

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Satisfaction with ultra-low tar.

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Nation

Launching the Great Debate

The Senators try to make up their minds on the SALT II treaty

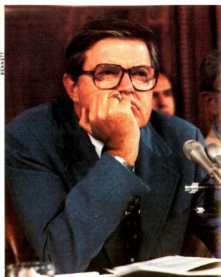
Beneath the crystal chandeliers of the Senate's majestic main Caucus Room, some of the most important congressional activities in the nation's history have taken place. Teapot Dome's sordid realities were revealed there, and Watergate's. Last week the room was once again jammed to capacity as the nine Democrats and six Republicans of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee called the first witnesses in the great debate on SALT II. The issue could well become the most critical foreign policy confrontation between the White House and the Senate since the Treaty of Versailles was repudiated nearly six decades ago. Aply capturing the gravity of the moment, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance said on opening day: "The course our country takes through this ratification process will have a profound effect on our nation's security, now and for years to come."

What that course will be is far from certain. As the hearings began, the Administration still seemed about ten votes short of the two-thirds majority needed for Senate approval of SALT II. Even veteran advocates of negotiated arms con-

ing months will be to find a way to satisfy the concerns of enough Senators to get the treaty passed without altering it so much that Moscow will insist on re-opening the talks.

Kicking off the testimony last week were two of the Administration's most important SALT-sellers: Vance and Defense Secretary Harold Brown. They presented powerful arguments on behalf of the pact. Vance stressed that the accord "will greatly assist us in maintaining a stable balance of nuclear forces. It fully protects a strong American defense." Taking aim at critics who argue that SALT II is a bad deal for the U.S., Vance emphasized that the treaty "will permit, and in fact aid, the necessary modernization of our strategic forces. And it will slow the momentum of Soviet strategic programs." He was alluding to the fact that while the U.S. will not have to cut its arsenal to meet the treaty's terms, the Soviets will have to dismantle 250 of their strategic weapons launchers.

Brown argued that "this treaty will make the people of the U.S. more secure militarily than we would be without it." It would also save them money. With the



Chairman Church listening to the testimony

handful of other civilian officials answered the committee's questions. On Wednesday it was the military's turn. In full uniform, with gold braid and rows of dazzling service ribbons, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, David Jones, and the four service chiefs took their places at the witness table. Behind them sat their advisers. Committee Chairman Church asked if the chiefs were prepared to "give us your honest advice," even if it differed from their civilian bosses in the Administration. Replied Air Force General Jones: "Yes, sir. We pledge to do so." Indeed, when the chiefs appear before congressional committees, they are allowed by law to ignore instructions of their civilian bosses and speak their consciences.



Pentagon Chief Brown looks on as Secretary of State Vance urges Senate approval of SALT II. "The course will have a profound effect on our security, now and for years to come."

trol such as Committee Chairman Frank Church of Idaho and Republican Committee Member Charles Percy of Illinois were dissatisfied with portions of the pending U.S.-Soviet accord. On only eleven occasions in U.S. history has the upper chamber rejected a treaty. A repudiation this time, after nearly seven years of painstaking negotiations, would severely strain U.S.-Soviet relations. The challenge to the Administration during the com-

mittee, Brown maintains, preserving the nuclear balance with the Soviet Union would require increasing strategic spending, now \$10 billion a year, to about \$12.5 billion. But, he insists, without an accord, the Pentagon budget for strategic weapons would have to spurt to as much as \$16 billion a year. Said he: "There would be more weapons, higher costs and probably less security—for both sides."

For two days, Vance, Brown and a

Their verdict on SALT II: a qualified O.K. Said Jones: "All of us judge that the agreement... is in the U.S. national interest and merits [the committee's] support." Choosing his words carefully, he characterized the pact as "a modest but useful step" toward arms control. Chief of Naval Operations Thomas Hayward was still more cautious. Said he: "I want you to understand that I and the other chiefs are not raging enthusiasts for many features of the treaty." Among other things, they are distressed that the pact: 1) does not classify the U.S.S.R.'s new Backfire supersonic bomber as a strategic weapon; 2) fails to require the Soviets to dismantle any of their 308 monster SS-18 rockets; 3) imposes only relatively modest restraints on the overall size of the superpower arsenals.

On the other hand, the chiefs admitted that some of the proposed accord's provisions "operate primarily to our advantage." As examples, they cited the ceiling of 2,250 launchers, which requires Moscow to dismantle some missiles, and the ban on Soviet mobile SS-16 missiles. The chiefs' main message, however, was that with or without SALT, the U.S. must increase its spending on strategic weaponry. Declared Jones: "We will be required to undertake a series of important strategic modernization pro-



The Joint Chiefs: Army General Meyer, Admiral Hayward, Chairman Jones, Air Force General Allen and Marine General Barrow MOORE—GAMMA-LIAISON

grams to maintain strategic parity."

On Thursday the committee heard its first testimony from the other side of the SALT debate. Edward Rowny, a recently retired lieutenant general who was the Joint Chiefs' representative on the SALT II delegation for six years, denounced the accord for establishing "conditions which threaten our security for years to come." During the talks, said Rowny, "we gave concession after concession." Paul Nitze, who helped negotiate the SALT I accord, warned that the new treaty's provisions "one-sidedly favor the Soviet Union" and that the arguments for them were full of "fallacies and implausibilities."

Convinced that SALT II would permit Moscow to gain nuclear superiority by 1985, Nitze told the Senators that substantial amendments are needed "to get you on the way to cure the problem." For one thing, he wants the U.S. to have the right (now denied by SALT II) to build missiles as large as the Soviet SS-18. Even though the Pentagon has no intention of developing such a gigantic weapon, Nitze maintained that "it would be useful to assert now an equal right" in order to improve Washington's bargaining position for SALT III. He also fears that the proposed treaty's "wholly ambiguous" language could prevent the U.S. from deploying its new MX mobile missile in the manner that would make it least vulnerable to surprise Soviet attack.

While the opening week's polite testimony probably did not change any Senator's vote, it seemed clear from the questions asked by the committee that dissatisfaction with elements of SALT II is widespread. One major area of concern is if the U.S., having lost key intelligence bases in Iran, will be able to verify whether the Soviets are abiding by the terms of the accord. Although Secretary Brown and General Jones insisted that the treaty is verifiable, Senator John Glenn, the Ohio Democrat who has become a verification expert, still questioned if "we are buying a pig in a poke."

Doubts also were raised by Senators about the restrictions on sea- and ground-



G.O.P. Leader Baker checking his notes

launched cruise missiles that are imposed by the SALT protocol. A number of Senators fear that Washington might bow to expected pressure from Moscow and voluntarily observe these restrictions even after the protocol expires at the end of 1981. Said New York's Jacob Javits, the ranking Republican on the committee and long a backer of arms control: "You've got to make a commitment that [protocol] will not be extended without the consent of the Senate."

To allay these concerns, the Senators are almost certain to propose that "reservations," "understandings" or "amendments" be written into the legislation approving SALT II. Delaware Democrat Joseph Biden already has a list of eight such understandings, including one covering extension of the protocol. Church, Javits and other members of the committee are drafting their own lists. If such understandings do not change

SALT II's substance, they might be implicitly accepted by the Kremlin. This is the view of Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd, who had returned to Washington after talks with top Soviet leaders, including Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev (see following story).

While Byrd did not receive explicit assurances from the Soviets, he believes that they would acquiesce to some reservations to help get the treaty through the Senate. What Moscow could do is make a distinction between substantial changes to the actual text of the treaty and reservations or understandings attached to the Senate's Resolution of Ratification, the parliamentary instrument by which the upper chamber approves treaties. U.S. legal practice makes no such distinction: understandings and reservations are just as binding on both parties to an accord as an amendment to the treaty itself. But the Soviets might be willing to overlook this point, provided that the understandings merely explain or repeat points in the treaty and do not actually change its provisions. In this way the Soviets would not literally be forced to accept amendments that they have publicly declared they will not tolerate. But Soviet acquiescence is certainly not to be expected for the kind of fundamental changes advocated by Nitze, Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker and other sharp critics of SALT II.



Treaty Critic Glenn

The extent to which the Senate might append its understandings to the various SALT II documents will become clearer as the ratification process progresses. The Foreign Relations Committee hearings run at least through early August; the Armed Services Committee begins its own hearings on July 23. By mid-October, the full Senate will start debating the treaty, and a vote will probably come sometime the following month.

From Russia with Hope

Byrd seeks a way to satisfy the Kremlin and the Senate

As the SALT hearings got under way last week, Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd was briefing his colleagues on the results of his visit to the U.S.S.R. and his surprisingly candid talk with Leonid Brezhnev. The West Virginia Democrat returned with some new ideas about how the Soviets might respond to the questions the Senate has been raising about the arms accord.

to give you today a candid appraisal of the prospects for the SALT II treaty in the Senate. It is my opinion that if there were a vote today, the Senate probably would not approve the SALT II treaty. But much can happen between now and the final vote." Byrd then made his first suggestion: "It would be a significant help in the area of verification if we could have

is not attempting to scare the Senate."

After the meeting, Byrd took the opportunity to ask for "compassionate consideration" for Anatoli Shcharansky and some other Soviet dissidents. Said Byrd: "My aide has a list." Replied Brezhnev: "I will read the list." Brezhnev then took Byrd's arm and gave him a tour of the grounds, taking him up the hill some 200 yards to a small cabin. This was a retreat that Stalin had built but had never used, said Brezhnev.

Just before he left, Byrd asked Brezhnev if he might have a bar of candy for his wife, who was waiting in Moscow. He had noticed some candy bars in the lodge. Brezhnev sent an aide for them and handed Byrd four. "Ladies like candy," Brezhnev said, "when it's presented by a man."

The next day, in Moscow, Byrd talked for 2½ hours with Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, who made it plain that if the Senate amended the text proper, the whole treaty would be reopened. Byrd paraphrased Gromyko's explanation: "O.K., you want to reopen that; we want to reopen this. If it is reopened on one side, it is reopened on the other side."

In short, Byrd found the Soviets adamant against altering the text of the treaty, but attentive to his words about the Senate's adding reservations or understandings to the resolution of ratification. Byrd felt that if the Senate did in fact reopen the negotiations by voting a substantive amendment to the text, those negotiations might lead to a less favorable treaty than SALT II as now submitted.

Byrd found the Soviets responsive to the idea of quieting their inflammatory rhetoric. Gromyko asked Byrd to apply the same rule of caution to his Senate colleagues. Byrd said he was advising them just that way, but he could not control them. He told Gromyko that a Senator could make a fiery speech about the treaty and the Soviets and still end up voting for the treaty. Gromyko then responded with rare whimsy: "If I should ever get the urge after reading some hotheaded statement made in the United States to reach for a pencil and paper, I will use my other hand to restrain the first one. If I should ever be tempted to dictate a sharp response into a tape recorder, I will instruct my staff to make sure the tape recorder breaks down. If I should ever feel the urge to call in a stenographer to dictate a sharp response, I will arrange to have the lady not feel too well that day."

Byrd feels that he returned with at least a scenario by which Senate approval of the treaty is quite possible. And he came home plainly pleased with his journey. ■



Senate Leader Byrd making a point in Washington after his visit to the Soviet Union
A diplomatic deal: four candy bars for a record album of bluegrass fiddling

The trip also gave Byrd a rare closeup look at the Soviet chief. Last week Byrd described his extraordinary diplomatic mission to TIME Congressional Correspondent Neil MacNeil:

Byrd was more than graciously received by Brezhnev at his vacation retreat at Yalta. The Soviet leader had sent his limousine to pick up his guest at the airport, 80 miles away. When Byrd drove up, Brezhnev was seated on the lawn and was wearing a batch of medals on his chest. He rose to shake Byrd's hand. Byrd presented him with a record album of his own bluegrass fiddling. Brezhnev then took Byrd by the arm—"he was a little unsteady," Byrd said—and they walked together into the vacation lodge and sat down at a long table in the splendidly paneled conference room.

Brezhnev read a prepared statement, describing the process of negotiating SALT II. He said that Soviet and American negotiators had achieved an "equal and balanced" agreement in which the Soviets had made concessions. He emphasized that the Soviets and Americans had negotiated the treaty thoroughly—"every word, every phrase, hundreds of times."

It was then Byrd's turn. He told the Soviet leader that he himself was still undecided on the treaty. He added: "I want

an indication that you could agree to notification—on a voluntary basis—in advance of all ICBM test launches. Such a step would undoubtedly have a favorable impact on the Senate debate."

Byrd told Brezhnev that some Senators were also afraid that the SALT protocol might be regarded as a precedent for future negotiations and that the agreement on non-circumvention might be used to alter existing relations with U.S. allies. As for the Soviet Backfire bomber, the Senate might want to write into the ratification documents the promise Brezhnev had made in a letter to Carter that no more than 30 of the supersonic planes would be built annually.

Brezhnev repeatedly interrupted Byrd's presentation with comments. Observed Byrd: "Brezhnev was very attentive. He was listening and alert." Byrd cautioned Brezhnev against inflammatory rhetoric. "The Senate will not be intimidated," he said. "It will not act out of fear. It will not act in haste." Brezhnev interrupted: "The Soviet Union



Kremlin Chief Brezhnev



Skylab debris streaking over Australia; inset: cylinder found west of Kalgoorlie

Skylab's Spectacular Death

While scientists held their breath, the satellite crashed

Western Australia's Nullarbor (meaning no trees) Plain is an arid, limestone plateau that lies east of the old gold-rush towns of Kalgoorlie and Coolgardie, southeast of Comet Vale and northeast of Grass Patch. It is a barren, almost unpopulated land of sand and saltbush. Out of the blackness of the southwestern sky one night last week, the fringe of this isolated region was visited by a fiery symbol of the Western world's most advanced technology: the final, fatal fall of Skylab.

Right in its path was Rancher John Seiler, who was asleep in his house at Noondoon Station, a 50-sq.-mi. sheep spread 480 miles east of Perth, Western Australia's capital city. Just 35 minutes after midnight, he and his wife, Elizabeth, were shaken awake by a loud noise. They ran outside. Said Seiler: "It was an incredible sight—hundreds of shining lights dropping all around the homestead. They were white, but as they began dropping, the pieces turned dull red. All the time there was a tremendous sonic boom."

Seiler could hear pieces of the disintegrating satellite swish overhead. Said he: "It was like a windmilling sound, quite frightening. It terrified the cattle and horses, which circled their paddocks in fear. The dogs barked and went wild when the sonic booms followed. Then there were thumps—they must have been the biggest pieces crashing down. Finally, the house shook three times. Afterward, there was a burning smell."

The fireworks were almost as spectacular over Perth. At the airport, Captain Ken Fox and First Officer Lyndsay Walker were walking toward the jet they were to fly out as soon as Skylab was safely down. The sight overwhelmed them with imagery. Said Walker: "It was like Tinker Bell waving a magic wand. Like a fire sprinkler with sparks whirling everywhere." Said Fox: "It was as though someone had painted the heavens with a wide brush. There were hundreds of flashes in the sky."

Half a world away, the American

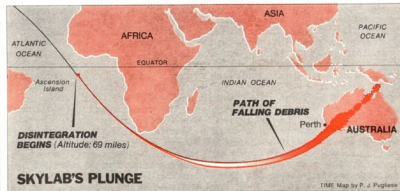
space scientists who had sent Skylab aloft six years ago were calling themselves lucky, too. Although the 77.5-ton craft presumably broke into some 500 pieces, including two weighing about two tons each, there were no reports of anyone's being hurt. That was mainly because Skylab, pretty much on its own, had re-entered the earth's atmosphere while on an orbit that carried the craft over Canada, Maine, and the Atlantic and Indian oceans, posing minimal danger to the world's most populated areas. Despite months of meticulous planning for Skylab's final moments, officials of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration saw no reason to try to push Skylab into some orbit other than the one that was dictated by the laws of physics.

There was, nevertheless, plenty of suspense as Skylab slipped ever closer to its doom. The craft was monitored by the worldwide network of NASA and NORAD's space-tracking stations. From NORAD's underground headquarters in Colorado Springs, Colo., calculations about the craft's flight were transmitted to the Skylab Control Center at the Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center near Houston. There Charles Harlan, the Skylab flight director, estimated the vehicle's probable re-entry point, and the possible dangers. He,

in turn, was responsible for advising the Skylab Coordination Center at NASA headquarters in Washington whether anything should be done to change Skylab's trajectory. The final decision was up to NASA Administrator Robert A. Frosch, aided by his Skylab task force director, Richard G. Smith, who worked in a guarded, sixth-floor NASA office.

At the Houston center, Skylab's final orbit (No. 34,981) looked ideal to Harlan, since it was over the ocean and sparsely populated areas. But one big problem soon emerged: the experts' best guesses as to where the satellite was first likely to re-enter the atmosphere were slightly wrong. Instead of over the middle Atlantic, as expected, Skylab could begin breaking up over Canada, endangering the Montreal area and parts of Maine. Harlan got permission from Washington to cause Skylab to tumble in space, which would delay its impact with earth by about 30 minutes.

The crucial command could be given only during the three minutes that Skylab was within radio range of NASA's tracking station in Santiago, Chile. The coded words were phoned by Houston Flight Controller Cindy Major, 27, to the Santiago center. "Load mark," she said, "one, zero, six, two." The order caused Skylab's adjusting jets to fire briefly, pro-



Up, Up and Away

After 37 days, the FAA clears the DC-10s for takeoff

pling the craft into the wobbling motion. Said Harlan: "We shot our last wad."

But the space station proved more durable than expected. To the astonishment of the controllers, the craft still was sending out signals when it came within range of the NASA station on Ascension Island in the Atlantic. Said Harlan: "I got to thinking that we couldn't kill the thing."

Soon, however, the signs of deterioration were clear. At a height of 69 miles over the ocean, some of Skylab's batteries registered a temperature of 100° F, far above the normal 60° F. Then the radio signals faded, and finally stopped. Break-up had begun, and the projected "footprint" of Skylab's debris seemed to be safely in the Indian Ocean. Houston's perspiring controllers relaxed. The monitoring team gave Johnson Space Center Director Christopher Kraft a Skylab SPLAT DOWN (instead of splashdown) T shirt.

For a time, Skylab still refused to die. After losing its solar panels, the vehicle skipped as it hit the dense atmosphere, like a flat rock bouncing off the surface of a lake. Moving through a gap in the U.S. tracking network, Skylab slid on in radio silence, with no one aware of precisely where it was. NASA's final maneuver, though based on the best information available to its controllers, had actually pushed the dying craft closer to Australia than intended. Not until Skylab reached the skies about six miles above Kalgoorlie, with its speed slowed to 270 m.p.h., did its flaming parts begin to plunge almost vertically toward the earth.

From Camp David, President Carter flashed a quick message via satellite to Australia's Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser. Said the President: "I was concerned to learn that fragments of Skylab may have landed in Australia." Carter instructed the Department of State to offer assistance. None, however, was needed. No injuries—even to a stray kangaroo—were reported.

Some Australians berated the U.S. for what they considered a selfish attempt to protect Maine (pop. 1,085,000) while imperiling Perth (pop. 820,100). At the same time, however, souvenir hunters rushed into the outback by Jeep, Land Rover and even chartered aircraft. Some were quick to claim they had found debris from the fallen craft, including a large cylindrical object and several small fragments. Old-timers were reminded of the giddy days when Irishman Paddy Hannan found gold nuggets near Kalgoorlie just before the turn of the century, touching off a similar treasure hunt.

In one sense, Skylab's harmless return to earth in Western Australia seemed fitting. When Astronaut John Glenn in 1962 became the first American to orbit the globe, the city of Perth had spectacularly sent him its best wishes by turning on most of its lights as he passed overhead. Last week, quite unintentionally, NASA returned the compliment. ■

"Today I am returning the DC-10 fleet to the air."

That laconic announcement last week by Federal Aviation Administrator L. H. Bond was received joyfully by the eight U.S. airlines that operate 138 wide-bodied DC-10 jets. For 37 days the planes had been grounded while FAA crews combed them for defects after the crash of American Airlines Flight 191 near Chicago's O'Hare International Airport, which killed 273 people. Each day that the fleet was idle cost the airlines \$5 million. Two hours after Bond's announcement, the first domestic DC-10 took to

chassis were remounting the assembly, they broke for lunch, leaving the engine and pylon suspended on the lift.

When the mechanics returned, the engine and pylon unit had shifted an almost imperceptible quarter-inch, throwing them out of exact alignment with their wing fittings. According to federal investigators, the workmen then used brute force to jam the unit into its mounting. The flange on the rear bulkhead of the pylon apparently cracked, so minutely that the fault was not detected. The aircraft then flew some 100 flights before engine No. 1 ripped loose from the wing on May 25 in Chicago.

As an FAA report issued last week notes, the mechanics had ignored the maintenance instructions set forth in manuals by the DC-10 manufacturer, McDonnell Douglas. The manuals call for removing and remounting the engine and pylon separately—and preferably with an overhead lift and sling that can support the weight of the two assemblies more precisely than a forklift. Yet the FAA agreed with American Airlines that the manufacturer was aware of the one-step operation, which cuts maintenance time in half, at American hangars.

The FAA found that at least 175 engines and pylons on the 138 three-engine DC-10s operated by U.S. airlines had been removed for maintenance. In 88 cases the one-step short cut had been used, by Continental Airlines as well as by American. In nine DC-10s operated by these two airlines inspectors discovered cracks similar to the one in the plane that crashed.

Despite the report, the legal battle over who was responsible for the crash is far from over. At stake are millions of dollars in damage suits. In Washington, American Airlines Vice President Donald J. Lloyd-Jones told a Senate hearing: "It may be that we did cause the crack." But he suggested that the problem could have originated with metal wedges used by the manufacturer to align parts that had not fitted exactly when the aircraft was built. Said he: "It may be that the existence of shims in the aft bulkhead created an interference fit that made the creation of the crack inevitable, no matter what procedure was used."

During the week new cracks were found in DC-10s operated by United, Continental and Trans International Airlines, but were judged not dangerous by FAA inspectors. Some cracks also turned up in another jumbo jet, a Boeing 747 operated by Pan American. These two were considered by FAA investigators to be not critical, and no reason for grounding the nation's commercial fleet of 121 Boeing 747s. ■



Bond talking to reporters in Washington

"Such a crash cannot occur again."

the air. It was United Flight 338, carrying 100 people from Chicago to Baltimore.

Bond reassuringly maintained that "we have worked out strict measures to assure that such a crash cannot occur again." Federal investigators blame American Airlines' maintenance procedures for contributing to the disaster, which was the worst in U.S. airline history. TIME has learned that the plane's No. 1 engine mount was weakened because of a short cut taken by mechanics in March. While they were doing routine maintenance work on the plane, they lowered engine No. 1 and its pylon, weighing a total of 18,500 lbs., from the wing by a hydraulic forklift. Then, while the me-

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A word to smokers

(about working together)

Whether you're a billboard painter or just, as you obviously are, a reader of magazines, you've discovered that there's a difference between nonsmokers and anti-smokers.

We all work with nonsmokers—and they work with us. Roughly 60% of the people around us are nonsmokers, and 40% of them are smokers—so we *have* to work together. And, like our sign painters, we do.

Anti-smokers are a breed apart. They don't want us to work together with nonsmokers. And they go to some extreme lengths to see that we don't.

Two examples:

1. A nationally known TV and film star was prevented from performing by a band of anti-smokers threatening violence because the star frequently smoked on stage. The occasion was a benefit to raise funds for handicapped children.

2. The executive director of one anti-smoking group announced plans to build an "army" of 2,000,000 anti-smoking militants who would go about "zapping" smokers in the face with spray from aerosol cans.

"You don't know what a rewarding feeling it is," he is quoted as saying, "the first time you spray a smoker in the face. It's hard to work yourself up to the first spray. It takes guts. But once you've broken the ice, it's easy. And you feel exhilarated."

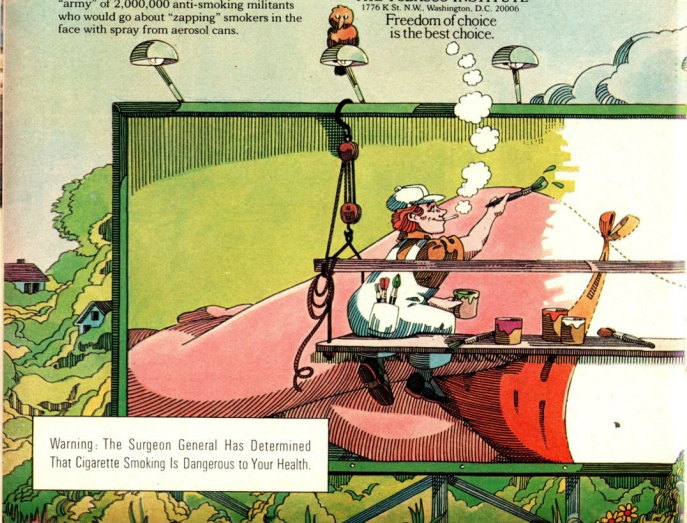
Such people clearly do *not* represent the nonsmokers we all know and work with. They would not last long in any working environment where people must cooperate to get the job done. And we doubt very much that the "zappers" will find 2,000,000 others to go along with them. Americans just don't think that way.

Such anti-smokers are not only anti-smoking. They're giving themselves the reputation of being anti-individualism, anti-freedom of choice, anti-everything that does not agree with their special prejudices. And in that they're as much a threat to nonsmokers as they are to smokers.

THE TOBACCO INSTITUTE

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Freedom of choice
is the best choice.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

A word to nonsmokers

(about working together)

Wherever you work—even if you're a billboard painter—you work with smokers, and always have.

There's nothing remarkable about that. Forty percent of the people around you are smokers, and 60% are nonsmokers. Still, we work, live, and enjoy ourselves together.

Lately, however, we've all become super-sensitive to each other and to each other's privileges and obligations. And that's not a bad thing.

We agree on many things. There are places (crowded elevators, to take the simplest example) where smoking is not appropriate. In closed and private places, the ancient courtesy of "Do you mind if I smoke?" is still the best rule. Smokers, we believe, have become more generally conscious of that courtesy. The occasional careless smoker, waving a lighted cigarette or cigar, should, in our opinion, be as quickly reminded of others' preferences by a thoughtful smoker as by a nonsmoker.

Nevertheless there are some people—anti-smokers rather than nonsmokers—who will never be satisfied with our sensible accommodations to each other. They don't want us to work together at all. Instead they want to segregate us by law—literally to

build walls between us—at considerable expense to both smokers and nonsmokers—in places where we work, shop, eat or just go to amuse ourselves.

We know that such anti-smokers do not represent the great majority of nonsmokers. And the anti-smokers know it, too. But there is a danger that others will think they do.

"When I went to the legislature," says one anti-smoking lobbyist, "they thought I had about 10,000 people behind me. That was a laugh. It was just me. I had the law passed by myself."

If it is a "laugh" for the anti-smoker, it is no joke for the rest of us for we must all, smokers and nonsmokers alike, pay the cost of such foolish laws. All of us are losers when any one of us is denied freedom of choice.

We don't think that, over the long run, that's going to happen. We think that, like our billboard painters, we'll go on working together until we get the job done.

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Freedom of choice
is the best choice.



We're exterminating one of the nation's most destructive pests.

Potholes are to cars what gopher holes are to horses. Yet for many years, these sudden, violent little boobytraps have been a part of our streets and highways as familiar as the white center line. Because lasting repairs just cost too much. Until Phillips invented Petromat® fabric, a tough underliner for roads that reduces damage from cracks and holes.



Makes roads easier on cars, safer for the drivers. And cuts taxes spent on road repair to a fraction of former costs. That's a big bump taxpayers will be happy to miss. Phillips Petroleum. Good things for cars—and the people who drive them. **The Performance Company** 

Death in the Afternoon

Mafia Don Carmine Galante is gunned down in Brooklyn

On a hot, muggy afternoon last week, four men sat at an oilcloth-covered table shaded by grapevines behind the Joe and Mary Italian-American Restaurant in Brooklyn. Over pasta and red wine they were ostensibly celebrating the departure next day of the restaurant's owner, Giuseppe Turano, 48, on a vacation trip to Sicily. Suddenly a blue Mercury sedan drew up outside, and five ski-masked men rushed into the restaurant. Six feet from the table, they opened fire with shotguns and semi-automatic rifles. In a litter of rolls, half-eaten salad and .45-cal. shells sprawled the body of short, balding Carmine Galante, 69, shot in the

The chief competitors were the pushy and aggressive Galante, who in 1974 shot his way into control of the criminal clan once run by Joseph ("Joe Bananas") Bonnano, and Aniello Dellacroce, 65, the treacherous head of the Gambino family.

The bespectacled Galante, nicknamed "Lillo" or "Cigar," looked more like a grandfather than a godfather. Nonetheless, a Mafia source once told TIME: "Lillo would shoot you in church during High Mass." Galante spent almost half of his life behind bars, starting at ten when he was sent to reform school as an incorrigible delinquent. At 17 he was sentenced to Sing Sing prison for assault. By 1952 he had become a high-ranking en-

ity when the Drug Enforcement Administration targeted him as organized crime's top man, began to alienate the other Mafia bosses. While Galante was still in prison, he was stalked by killers. For his own protection, federal officials kept him in solitary confinement at Danbury Prison and then secretly moved him to the federal prison in San Diego. Freed in March, Galante returned to New York.

According to FBI officials, Galante then asked the Mafia's governing commission for permission to retire after putting his affairs in order. The commission approved his request. But within a short time the dons discovered that Galante had secretly built up a force of 30 "greenies," hardened young recruits from Sicily. Afraid that Galante was about to double-cross them, and angered by his greed in muscling in on other families' rackets, New York's most powerful Mafia commissioners met early in July to determine Galante's fate. At that meeting, Dellacroce convinced the others that Galante should be retired more permanently. ■

A Judge Has Vacation Blues

And the accused go free

After deliberating for twelve hours in 1971, a jury in New York City was split 11 to 1 in favor of convicting a defendant of first-degree robbery. But Justice Arnold G. Fraiman could wait no longer for a unanimous verdict. Having announced earlier: "I have another engagement," he declared a mistrial and dismissed the jurors. The engagement was a European vacation with his wife, who reportedly was waiting in the courthouse with their suitcases. Another judge dismissed the charges because retrying the defendant would violate his constitutional right against double jeopardy.

Last week another man won his freedom because of Fraiman's respect for vacations. This time the case involved a defendant who was accused four years ago of robbery, burglary, rape and sodomy. Several days into the 1975 trial, the defense lawyer asked for a delay because his father had died. But Fraiman was about to leave on vacation again, as were several jurors. This time Fraiman offered to postpone his own vacation but did not order the jurors to do so. Instead, he declared a mistrial and dismissed the jury.

The defendant was later convicted, but last week New York's highest state court set him free because his second trial constituted double jeopardy. Fraiman, who is considered a hard-working judge by his colleagues, still insists that his actions were justified. Said he: "If you check out my reputation for putting in long hours, you'll find I'm the first in chambers every morning and one of the last to leave every night." ■



Galante in 1959 (inset) and his body being covered by an oilcloth
Lillo "would shoot you in church during High Mass."

left eye and chest, his teeth still clenching his familiar black cigar. Galante was one of the Mafia's most powerful and feared bosses. Killed with him were a bodyguard, Leonardo Coppola, 40, and Turano, reputedly an adviser to Galante's crime family. The restaurant owner's son John, 17, was wounded. The execution had been carefully set up in advance. While the gunmen blazed away, Caesar Bonventra, 28, a Galante recruit who a Mafia insider said had set up his boss for the slaying, stood quietly by. Then he walked calmly out of the restaurant and disappeared.

According to law enforcement officials, the murder was the latest round in a gangland struggle to succeed Carlo Gambino, who died in 1976, as the top boss of New York's five Mafia families.

forer for Bonnano. Because Galante spoke French, Spanish and several Italian dialects, he often acted as the family's emissary in overseas assignments to arrange multimillion-dollar drug deals. He was also involved in pornography, loan sharking and labor rackets.

Soon after Gambino's death, Galante seemed destined for the mantle of *capo di tutti capi* (boss of bosses). By 1977, however, it was apparent that Galante, who was back in prison for parole violation, had failed to unite the other New York dons behind him. While Gambino had shied away from drugs because of the heavy penalties involved, Galante pushed for increased Mafia trafficking in heroin and moved in on black and Hispanic cocaine rings.

That policy, and the resulting public-



Israeli Premier Begin and Egyptian President Sadat share a happy moment during their cordial meeting in Alexandria

SAHIB DHOERTY

World

MIDDLE EAST

It's Menachem and Anwar

A personal friendship blossoms despite political disagreements

In sun-washed Alexandria on the shores of the Mediterranean, Egyptian and Israeli flags snapped crisply in the sea breeze last week. Israel's Premier Menachem Begin and Egypt's President Anwar Sadat were in town for their fourth summit meeting since last March. The main thoroughfares of Egypt's second largest city (estimated pop. 2.5 million) were lined with smartly dressed "tourist police" in white uniforms, who were trying in vain to give some semblance of order to Alexandria's jumbled traffic. They also stood guard in front of the yellow stucco Al Safa palace, where Begin was staying, Sadat's summer home at Marnara, and the ornate Ras el Tin palace, where some of the talks were held. As expected, there were no breakthroughs in the two-day summit. But the mood of the leaders, who had spent nearly three hours together in intense private conversations, suggested that they were satisfied that the peace process was still on target.

At a joint press conference, Begin and Sadat were generally circumspect in their remarks about the summit. On one issue, at least, they saw eye to eye: the territorial integrity of Lebanon. Egypt has protested Israel's current policy of making pre-emptive strikes against suspected Palestinian targets in Lebanon and supporting secessionist right-wing Christians in the southern part of the country. "We are for the full integrity of Lebanon," Sadat

said, "and we shall never agree to anything that causes disintegration." Begin asserted Israel's right to defend itself from guerrilla attacks launched from Lebanon, but then seemed to concede an important point to the Egyptians. Said he: "I share unequivocally the opinion of the President that the integrity of Lebanon [should] be preserved."

On the seemingly intractable issue of Israeli settlements in the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip, however, the two sides are far apart. Sadat apparently did not press Begin for a freeze on new settlements. "We are free men," Begin told reporters at their press conference. "We can agree. We can disagree. On this issue, we agree to differ." The two men also are far from agreement on the meaning of autonomy for Palestinian inhabitants of the West Bank and Gaza. Sadat declared that his talks with Begin on the subject were among "the most important" he had during the summit, but refused to disclose any details. "For me," he said vaguely, "the progress is sufficient."

For the first time, Begin and Sadat chose to hold all of their sessions in private, with no aides present. Apparently the two leaders concentrated on the broader issues of Middle East politics and how they might deal jointly with sudden crises. The private sessions underscored the personal friendship that has suddenly and surprisingly blossomed between the

leaders. Sadat was the one who sought to break through the formality. During the talks he said to Begin: "It's time we called each other by our first names." A bit startled, Begin replied, "But Mr. President, I am only a Prime Minister and you are a President. I suggest you call me Menachem and I call you Mr. President." Sadat, however, persisted: "Really, Menachem," he said, "it won't work this way. You must call me Anwar." From that point on, they chatted on a first-name basis.

The Israeli leader was obviously delighted by the warm reception accorded him in Alexandria. Soon after his arrival he went to pray at the city's venerable Eliahu Hanabi Synagogue; it is the main center of worship for Alexandria's 200 or so-member Jewish community, which before the Arab-Israeli wars had numbered 40,000. Emerging from the synagogue, he was met by a throng of cheering Egyptians. To the horror of his security officials, Begin got out of his limousine to shake a few hands. Obviously moved, he later told Sadat: "I saw today the reality of peace."

One bond of unity between Begin and Sadat, who will meet again in Haifa next month, is that both men feel a sense of isolation as they seek to extend the perimeters of peace. Begin's government is mildly worried because a number of influential American Jews have questioned

the timing, if not the legality, of the West Bank settlements (see box).

Equally disconcerting was a recommendation by the State Department that the U.S. should sell an additional \$1.2 billion in military equipment to Saudi Arabia, which has now become the world's biggest customer for American military supplies. The latest arms deal will provide the Saudis' paramilitary national guard with armored vehicles, howitzers, machine guns and other infantry equipment. The sale, which requires presidential and congressional approval, came within a week of the Saudi decision to increase its daily oil production for the next three to six months by a reported one million bbls. to a total of 9.5 million, enough to ease substantially the current world shortage. U.S. officials denied that there was any link between the military sales and the Saudis' decision to raise their crude production, even though there appears to be a growing rapprochement between Washington and Riyadh after months of strained relations.

Last week the Israelis were outraged when Yasser Arafat, head of the Palestine Liberation Organization, was received in Vienna by Chancellor Bruno Kreisky with a welcome almost befitting a head of state. Israel recalled its ambassador from Vienna, and Begin left no doubt that he felt Kreisky was a Jewish traitor. The Austrian Chancellor said that he and former West German Chancellor Willy Brandt, who also joined the talks, had "gained the impression" that the P.L.O. "no longer insisted on the destruction of Israel." Arafat, however, gave no sign that the P.L.O. was backing down on the Middle East peace accords, which he had earlier denounced as "a war pact engineered by the imperialist U.S."

■ ■ ■
The campaign to ostracize Egypt within the Arab world also stepped up. Last Friday four terrorists, led by what one bystander called a "tall, blond and tough-looking Palestinian," stormed their way into the Egyptian embassy in Ankara, firing automatic weapons. They seized 20 hostages, including Ambassador Ahmed Kamal Olama and his son. The terrorists demanded that Turkey sever its relations with Egypt and Israel, release two Palestinian prisoners in Egypt and provide a flight to a friendly Arab country. The gunmen, reported to belong to the Revolutionary Eagles of Palestine, part of a Syrian-backed faction of the P.L.O., threatened to blow up the building unless their demands were met. Two Turkish guards were killed and one Egyptian hostage died trying to escape. Heavily-armed Turkish troops took up positions around the building. Then several Palestinian guerrillas were flown in from Damascus to try to bring an end to the siege. After negotiating with them, the raiders on Sunday morning released their remaining hostages. The four terrorists themselves marched out of the embassy flashing "V" for victory signs and were turned over to Turkish police. ■

Debate About the Settlements

Israeli Novelist Amos Oz has written of his people that their demand is absolute: "Either they have the best country in the world, the purest, the fulfillment of the highest moral standards, or else there is total disillusionment. Paradoxically, the outside world tends to view Israel with much the same perspective." Nowhere in the outside world are Israel and its actions subjected to greater scrutiny than in the U.S., home to 6 million Jews.

Last month, 59 prominent American Jews sent Premier Menachem Begin an open letter that criticized Israel's policy of setting up new Jewish settlements in densely populated Arab areas of the occupied West Bank. "A policy which requires the expropriation of Arab land unrelated to Israel's security needs," the letter read, "and which presumes to occupy permanently a region populated by 750,000 Palestinian Arabs, we find morally unacceptable, and perilous for the democratic character of the Jewish state." Among those who signed were Nobel Prizewinning Novelist Saul Bellow, Composer-Conductor Leonard Bernstein, and Jerome B. Wiesner, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Principal author of the document was Martin Peretz, editor of the *New Republic*.

Israelis were taken aback by the criticism. Traditionally, American Jews tend to refrain from public criticism of elected officials responsible for the fate of the Jewish state. The letter did not question Israel's basic right to establish such settlements, but as one government official put it, "when you have clever people who argue that the settlements are legal but ill-advised, the impression is still left that something is wrong with building settlements."

In an interview with *TIME* last week, Premier Begin's Adviser on Information, Harry Hurwitz, chided those who signed the letter, saying, "While we take account of the opinion of our friends in the Jewish community, the guiding principles



Theodore Mann

Leonard Bernstein

that have to influence the government of Israel are the interests of the people of Israel, their security and safety." The influential *Jerusalem Post*, however, argued: "Israel should, of course, not determine its policies at the behest of American Jewish leaders. But the considered opinions of American Jewish should be one of the elements in the formulation of policies that must take into account the possible reactions of American government and public opinion."

It is an issue that cuts many ways. The U.S. adamantly opposes the settlements. Says one senior Administration official: "Not only is the confiscation of Arab land illegal, it causes serious damage to the peace process." Some State Department officials were pleased with the letter, but there was no public comment from the Administration; it feared that hard-line elements in the Begin government would counterattack with charges of American manipulation of "Jewish family matters." The Israeli Premier must already contend with the fact that both Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan and Defense Minister Ezer Weizman disagreed with the Cabinet's approval of the settlement that inspired the letter: Elon Moreh, which overlooks the Arab town of Nablus.

The 59 signatories do not speak for a majority of American Jews. Theodore Mann, who is chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, declared last week: "That such settlements are legal is not only my view but the consensus in the American Jewish community." Despite this admonition, many of those who signed the letter remained convinced that their criticism was a proper way to dissuade Begin's government from a policy that they felt was not only tactically wrong but morally insupportable.

Says Leonard Fein, a cosigner of the letter and editor in chief of *Moment*, an independent Jewish monthly: "I expect that all the signers recognize that Elon Moreh is only the tip of a very ugly iceberg. Israel is squandering recklessly its most critical and natural resource—the good will that many people around the world, and in this country in particular, feel for this gutsy country."

World

NICARAGUA

Mystery Flight from Beirut

Somoza, meanwhile, was watching out for himself

While Sandinista guerrillas consolidated their positions in 25 towns throughout Nicaragua, President Anastasio "Tacho" Somoza seemed in no hurry to fulfill predictions of his imminent demise. Despite the continuing international pressure that he resign, Somoza secretly flew to Guatemala to confer briefly with other military heads of state in Central America and, presumably, to discuss the resupply of his embattled National Guard.

Meanwhile, the U.S. was still involved in complicated diplomatic maneuverings aimed to guarantee that the canny dictator, when and if he goes, will be replaced by a broadly based democratic government rather than an extreme leftist regime. In San José, the capital of neighboring Costa Rica, American

Envoy William Bowdler held a series of talks with members of the Sandinista-backed provisional govern-

ment. After several hours of discussion with Bowdler, the opposition junta responded with a program that the U.S. envoy described as "quite a bit different from the one that we were thinking of." In brief, the junta demanded 1) Somoza's immediate resignation, to be accepted by Nicaragua's present servile congress; 2) the installation of the junta as the country's new government under a new constitution; and 3) the amalgamation of acceptable elements of the National Guard with Sandinista fighters in a new law-and-order force. The group promised that all Somoza officers and civil servants, except those involved in "grave crimes against the people," would be allowed to leave the country.

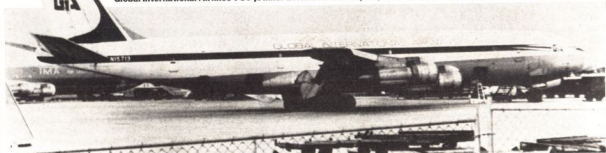
The population is enraged over the Guard's indiscriminate bombing of civilian areas and by its summary execution of "suspects." The bodies of scores of young people, blindfolded, with their hands tied, litter the shore of Lake Managua. Last week, in an effort to limit

pany called Young Air Cargo. The plane left Beirut for Costa Rica supposedly carrying 60,000 lbs. of medical supplies. The 707's pilot, Paul Marable, 58, thought it odd that anyone would be flying that kind of cargo from war-torn Lebanon across the Atlantic.

Before takeoff, Marable briefly examined several of the cardboard cartons aboard his plane; they were reassuringly marked with the imprint of the Lebanese Red Crescent, supposedly an equivalent of the Red Cross, although as it happens, no Lebanese organization by that exact name exists. Also on the plane were four passengers who carried false Jordanian and Libyan passports.

As the plane approached Tunis, where it was scheduled to take on more medical supplies, the control tower of Tunis-Carthage Airport diverted it to the Sidi Ahmed military airport at Bizerte, about 40 miles away. The following day, after spending the night in a nearby hotel, Marable returned to his plane to discover that he had 105,000 lbs. of cargo aboard—15,000 lbs. more than the plane is certified to carry. The pilot could see immediately that the new cargo contained weapons and ammunition. He explained

Global International Airlines 707 jetliner at Amsterdam airport, after its arrival from Tunis



ment, which includes two moderates, two leftists and one center-left member. Among the main issues discussed: the creation of a new Nicaraguan army to replace the National Guard, which will be included in the new government, and human rights safeguards for the dictator's supporters in post-Somoza Nicaragua.

Somoza has admitted that he is willing to resign. Trouble is, he keeps making preconditions that are difficult for the U.S. and the opposition junta to accept. He wants guarantees that his Liberal Party will survive as a Nicaraguan institution. More important, he insists that he be given assurances that his 12,000-man National Guard will be preserved, in one form or another, and that his chief subordinates, both military and civilian, will not be imprisoned or executed by the next government. Says one foreign observer who knows Nicaragua well: "Somoza is watching out for himself. If he doesn't get those guarantees for his Guard he might not get out alive."

the bloodshed of a civil war that has resulted in at least 15,000 deaths so far this year, the U.S. appealed for an end to arms shipments to both sides in the conflict. It remained to be seen whether that call for calm would be honored. Somoza's battered air force was reinforced by several T-28s, which can handle low-level bombing missions against guerrilla forces. U.S. officials in Managua were investigating reports that the planes had been illegally imported from America.

Meanwhile, TIME has learned, the Sandinistas have received a dozen or more plane loads of arms from the Palestine Liberation Organization in the past three months. The ties between the P.L.O. and the Sandinistas extend back for at least ten years, but the latest connection came to light only last week during an incident involving a chartered American cargo plane.

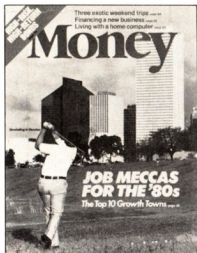
The 707 jetliner, owned by Global International Airlines of Kansas City, had been hired for \$89,000 by a Belgian com-

pany to his passengers that he needed to make some repairs and to get in touch with his employers in Kansas City.

Marable then made an unscheduled stop at Tunis. The plane was so heavily loaded that on landing it narrowly missed the control tower. Once on the ground, it was quickly surrounded by soldiers. The mysterious passengers disappeared. After 24 hours of negotiation between the U.S. and Tunisian governments, the plane was unloaded, and Marable and his crew were permitted to fly the empty craft to Amsterdam.

In Kansas City, the Iranian-born owner of Global International, Farhad Azima, expressed dismay that his airline might have been bamboozled into gun-running by the charter firm in Belgium. In Beirut, sources familiar with P.L.O. operations told TIME that other plane loads of weapons had been successfully flown to Central America from Libya and Algeria. All the cargoes were disguised as medical supplies.

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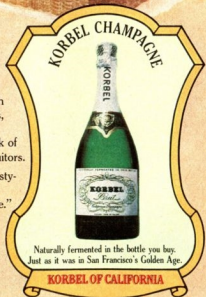
Many a promise is
being written in sand.

Marathon picnic outings on the beaches near the Cliff House have hurley-burled in popularity among the City's cyclists.

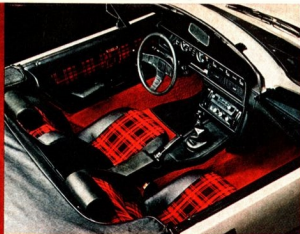
Wicker baskets heavily laden with Dungeness crab, oyster delicacies, champagne magnums and other sumptuous treats are the hallmark of numerous velocipede-powered suitors.

Passing by one cozy couple, a misty-eyed girl commented, "You've broken the promise you made me." To which, the agile-minded beau brummel replied, "Never mind, my dear, I'll make you another."

There was a time, a golden
city and Korbel



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Its bold wedge shape cheats the wind at every turn. It handles the open road with competition-proven performance. Response of the 2-liter overhead cam engine is instantaneous and the 5-speed transmission is precision itself. For those who prefer not to shift, a 3-speed automatic is optional (not available in California).

The EPA estimate with manual transmission is 19 mpg.

with a highway mileage of 28 mpg. Remember the circled EPA estimate is for comparison; your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather, and trip length. California figures are lower, and your actual highway mileage will probably be lower than the highway estimate.

TR7's list of sports car features will warm any purist's heart: MacPherson struts... rack and pinion steering... front disc brakes... and wide steel-belted radials. Refinement of the TR7 has led to numerous changes, from a modified cooling system to a new Triumph emblem. Triumph engineers even developed a unique front bumper for the convertible which helps filter out harmonic vibrations.

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World

IRAN

Wave of Terror

Sabotage and execution as Khomeini calls for unity

Not even the bright lights of a religious holiday can conceal the depth of unease in Iran these days. As the country's predominantly Shi'ite Muslim population prepared to celebrate the birthday of the twelfth Imam,* shots rang out in northern Tehran. Taghi Haj Tarkani, 42, a loyal follower of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's and a leader of last year's anti-Shah demonstrations, had been shot and killed on his doorstep. The two gunmen disappeared on motorcycles moments later, after leaving leaflets attributing their deed to a terrorist group called Forghan. On the same night, hundreds of miles away, a previously unknown group calling itself Black Wednesday blew up pipelines carrying crude oil to the huge refinery at Abadan, causing production at the refinery to drop temporarily from 550,000 to 100,000 bbl. per day.

Forghan had gained some previous notoriety by assassinating two of Khomeini's aides this spring. Some Iranians believe that the group is made up of secular extremists who follow both the anti-clerical teachings of the late Islamic sociologist Ali Shariati and the militant political views of Libyan Strongman Muammar Gaddafi. A few members of

*The "Absent Imam," Muhammad al Muntazar, who lived in the 10th century, is revered as the Shi'ite Mahdi or Messiah.



Brigadier General Saif Amir Rahimi

Only Khomeini could dismiss him.

the fundamentalist clergy hold the rather convoluted view that Forghan was invented by SAVAK, the former Shah's hated secret police, and that its assassinations are designed to give the revolution a taint of fanaticism. Forghan has no apparent links to Black Wednesday, a group that demands greater autonomy for the 2 million Iranian Arabs of the Khuzistan region. The latter organization takes its name from the day of a demonstration earlier this year on which several Arabs were killed in a clash with Khomeini-backed Islamic guards.

The Tehran government has been trying to clamp down on areas like Khuz-

istan and Kurdistan, where autonomy movements have been showing strength. Last week in Khuzistan, a tribunal condemned to death an Iranian Arab who was accused of possessing several Soviet-made Kalashnikov rifles and grenades. Also executed last week, on charges of prostitution, were three Tehran bordello madams best known by their nicknames: Pari the Tall, Ashraf the Four-Eyed and Soroya the Turk. They are believed to be the first women to be put to death by the new government.

Amid these troubles, Khomeini appealed to his countrymen to give up their factional claims and to unite under the banner of Islam. He also declared a general amnesty affecting "all people who committed [political] offenses under the past regime" except those involved in murder or torture. The Ayatollah's hand-picked Premier, Mehdi Bazargan, had been trying to get Khomeini to take such a step for a long time. But an incident a few hours later demonstrated that Khomeini still feels free to overrule the government when it pleases him.

Bazargan's Defense Ministry ordered the dismissal of a senior army commander, Brigadier General Saif Amir Rahimi, who had declared publicly that there was a conspiracy in the armed forces "to discredit the Islamic Republic." But Rahimi, a Khomeini partisan, flatly refused to be fired, insisting that nobody could dismiss him except the Ayatollah himself. Sure enough, Khomeini next day came to the general's support, and the Bazargan government quietly backed down.

The Red Brothel in Bonn

The resident *fräulein* of the house at 91 Koblenzerstrasse in the Bonn suburb of Bad Godesberg had received an inordinate number of male visitors for three years. Inexplicably, her neighbors down the street were unaware that sex was for sale at the white villa. As were officers of West Germany's federal criminal police, who were mortified to learn that the Soviet intelligence agency, the KGB, had been operating a brothel around the corner from their local headquarters.

The news of the Federal Republic's latest spy scandal was contained in the annual report of the Interior Ministry. It identified the hooker as Marta Haas, 60, a red-haired former gymnastics instructor who was arrested in May 1978 after a security search of her premises turned up some otherwise unexplained "intelligence material," along with listening devices and concealed cameras. Haas, who

claimed that she had stopped working for the KGB in 1972, told her West German interrogators that she had been recruited by the Russians during a group tour of the Soviet Union in 1969. Her mission for the KGB: to set up a brothel close to the Bonn political and diplomatic scene, and, in the words of the Interior Ministry, "to report on interesting customers and to procure compromising material about them."

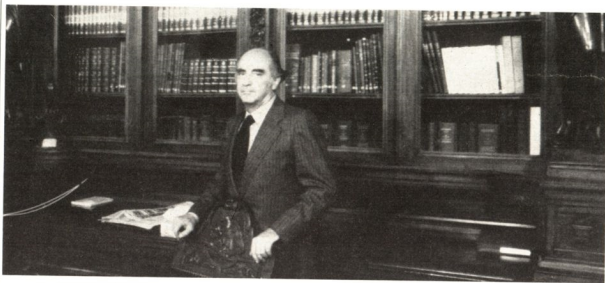
The price Haas charged for each session of fun and gab was a hefty \$60.

The Interior Ministry report also disclosed that 17 people had been arrested on espionage charges last year. Most of these were suspected East German agents. Six, including Haas, were KGB operatives. A pair of Soviet agents based in Frankfurt were charged with stealing the plans for the firing mechanism of the West German Leopard 1 and Leopard 2 tanks. The new cases underscored West German worries that not only East Berlin but also Moscow is interested in data as diverse as sophisticated military systems and sexual peccadilloes.



An Interview with López Portillo

Mexico's President speaks out on oil and relations with the U.S.



José López Portillo lifted a glass of champagne last February and lectured Jimmy Carter on his country's right to be respected. Carter took heed, because the Mexican President's bold assertion of national pride and independence was backed up by what may be the richest energy supply in the Western Hemisphere. With proven reserves of 40 billion bbl. and estimated potential reserves of as high as 200 billion bbl., Mexico is now moving into the top rank of the world's oil producers.

As OPEC raises its prices and gas shortages affect many U.S. cities, Americans are now looking to Mexico as a new source of energy supplies. But relations between the two countries have not been as cordial as the Carter Administration might like. Frictions continue over such issues as illegal Mexican immigration, American trade barriers to Mexican agricultural products, and the flow of drugs into the U.S. Moreover, Mexican resentment has been simmering since Energy Secretary James Schlesinger abruptly vetoed as too costly a sale of natural gas from Mexico in December 1977. Carter's visit, however, paved the way for negotiations over the divisive issues, and as Mexico's major trading partner, the U.S. remains the logical client for its oil exports.

Despite the influx of new oil money, Mexico continues to be plagued by a formidable array of economic and social problems. The gap between the rich few and the poor masses seems to be increasing. Inflation is running at 16% annually, and nearly half of the country's 18 million workers are totally or partly unemployed. Mexico's population (currently 67 mil-

lion) is growing at an annual rate of 3% and might reach some 100 million by the year 2000. For millions of Mexico's landless peasants, illiteracy, disease and malnutrition are chronic problems.

During the next four years, these problems will weigh heavily on the shoulders of José López Portillo, a onetime law professor and author who spent nearly two decades in public administration before his election to the presidency in July 1976. In the economic field, López Portillo's performance has been quite creditable. By holding down public spending and wages, he has been able to stabilize the erratic peso, slow inflation, reverse the flight of capital and stimulate private investment. After several sluggish years, Mexico's gross national product is now increasing by about 6% annually. López Portillo has also promoted a certain degree of political liberalization, although his Institutional Revolutionary Party (P.R.I.) continues to dominate Mexican politics as it has for the past 50 years. To no one's surprise, the P.R.I. swept up some 70% of the popular vote in this month's congressional elections.

Last week TIME Chief of Correspondents Richard L. Duncan interviewed President López Portillo at his official residence, Los Pinos. Excerpts from the interview:

Q. How would you characterize the position of the U.S. in the world today?

A. I believe that the U.S. is in the process of revising its policies, but those policies are not yet well established, and so this trend of revision must continue. This,

of course, creates problems of uncertainty. The most typical example of this is in the field of energy. The U.S. is just beginning to define its policy and has taken a long time to act on it, as it recently did in Tokyo. The U.S. thus runs the risk of acting inconsistently.

What I have said about energy can also apply to other very important aspects of North American policy. I could mention what has happened in Iran and Nicaragua. The U.S. questioned both systems without having anything to offer in substitution. I think this situation is serious because of the tremendous power and influence of the U.S.

Q. Is it easier to deal with a U.S. that is uncertain about its policies, as it is now, than the one that was very sure of its policies in the past?

A. That depends on the content of that policy. A "big stick" policy is a well-defined but disadvantageous one. I prefer a neighbor who is open to communication and works within a spirit of fairness and respect. I would prefer that kind of neighbor to one who was well defined but rigid.

Q. Would it be fair to characterize Mexico's foreign policy as being somewhat more active than it has been in the past?

A. No. We are simply living in a world of ever broadening communications. But I want to make it clear that Mexico has never changed its foreign policy. Both in the case of Nicaragua and in the case of Cuba, Mexico has maintained the prin-

ciple of non-intervention in the domestic matters of other countries.

Q. Are you at all uneasy about the possible development of events in Nicaragua and in Central America?

A. Yes, I am. I feel great pain over what is happening in Nicaragua. Too much bloodshed has gone on there. It is the Nicaraguan people who are paying the price, [especially] the young people. A real genocide has been taking place. And the worst thing is that the situation has not yet been resolved.

Q. Will your government recognize the proposed five-member provisional junta?

A. We are not yet contemplating this. We are waiting for things to settle down and for further developments within the territory of Nicaragua. In good time, we shall make our own decision.

Q. Cuba has been very active militarily in other parts of the world. Do you worry about Cuba's future political and military activities in this hemisphere?

A. Unfortunately, it is not only Cuba that acts militarily in the world; many other countries do the same thing. We have examples very close at hand. I can only tell you what Mexico does: Mexico does not intervene [militarily]. Mexico does not want for itself what it does not want for others. We feel that military intervention is never positive or legitimate, regardless of whether the country is weak or strong. This is what we think concerning Cuba and any other country that would intervene militarily.

Q. What is your reaction to the recent OPEC price increases?

A. I believe they put the world in an extreme situation. These decisions have unfortunately been taken without regard for their general effects, one of which will be to cause a certain amount of recession. Together with the inflation in the present-day world, this recession will upset the economy even more. I am especially concerned for the developing nations, which are going to be cut as if by a pair of scissors. One of the scissors blades is the price of oil. The other is recession in the powerful countries, which will impede exports from the poor nations, thereby cutting off their possibilities for development.

Q. What effect will the recent oil price changes have on the Mexican economy?

A. In the short run, they will have a beneficial result, which will help us to finance our development. But no country today can have a sound and healthy development if the rest of the world is not sound and healthy. Therefore we know that in the long run the inflationary impact of the price of oil and the recession in the industrialized countries will also hurt us.

Naturally [it will hurt us] less than if we didn't have any oil, and that is why we have to follow the price trends. Oil is our first historical chance, and may be the only chance we have, of solving our problems as a free country and a fair one.

Q. Must Mexico raise the price of its oil every time that OPEC raises its price?

A. Here I would like to make a preliminary remark: the U.S. is an oil-producing country; it has more oil than Mexico. But does the U.S. sell its oil at a lower price? We have to link our price to the price of OPEC because otherwise we will only get the negative impact of the oil hike and not the positive effects. We act accordingly. But what Mexico does is to stay out of the speculative spot market. Our sales respect the price that has

Oil may be our only chance of solving our problems. The OPEC price increases are putting the world in an extreme situation.

been fixed. We hate speculation. Mexico is not a country that speculates and it never will speculate.

Q. What concrete steps should be taken to improve relations between the U.S. and Mexico?

A. Various [joint] committees are now studying certain aspects of our mutual relations: financial and commercial exchanges; the movement of persons [into the U.S.]; drugs, which are being controlled increasingly on this side of the border; and contraband from the U.S. into Mexico. Taken together with the problem of the capital market, all these questions must be looked into carefully, because a curious thing is happening: at times of crisis, Mexicans take their money out of Mexico and put it into the U.S.;

the U.S. accepts this Mexican capital but does not accept the Mexican worker. This is a problem that we have to bring up and examine.

Q. What about the exports of fruits and vegetables?

A. Well, that is a typical example of the uncertain nature of our commercial relations. It is difficult to plan an export market between two countries when the decisions are subject to local interests. It is difficult to agree on a trade policy with the U.S. because we never know exactly what is going to happen.

Q. But the decision now pending on tomatoes and other agricultural products is a federal decision, not a local one.

A. However, it is a federal decision that is promoted for local interests—those of Florida, for example, in the case of tomatoes. I understand perfectly well that the federal officials have to bear in mind all these local interests. But we do not know with whom and how to take up these matters in order to arrive at permanent agreements. We cannot get organized when the policy is always changing.

Q. What about Mexican immigration to the U.S.?

A. I don't know to what extent this is a real problem for the U.S. I have been thinking that if our people go to the U.S. it is because they find work there. I am sure that the presence of Mexicans in the U.S. brings an element of disorder, but there is no Mexican unemployment in the U.S. This should give the U.S. food for thought.

Q. Does your vision of Mexico's role in the world include a special relationship with the U.S.?

A. A more responsible relationship. Our logical client is the U.S. The U.S. is our largest trading partner. This should lead to a solid, long-term relationship. But it should include a condition that seems very important to me: that there be no deformation because of our bilateral relationship. Instead, this relationship should be included in the world order.

Q. There is much discussion these days about a possible "Common Market" that would include Canada, the U.S. and Mexico. What are your thoughts on such a union?

A. Yes, a good deal is said about this. Referring specifically to energy, it has disadvantages and advantages. At this time it's only a thought. We can contemplate such a thing if it is conceived within a framework of equality and dignity, and not submission or subordination of the interest of the weakest party, which is Mexico. But another condition is that this relationship must exist within the world order.

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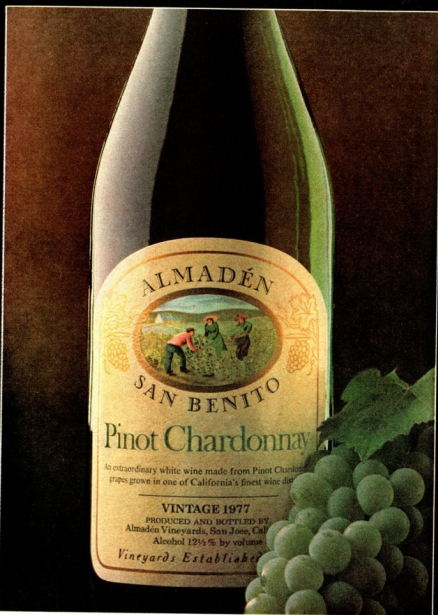
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World

BRITAIN

Splendor on the Grass

Tea with the Queen is light on pomp, heavy on circumstance

It is one of the splendid rites of the English summer: the Queen's garden party at Buckingham Palace. On a sun-kissed July afternoon last week, 8,000 guests came to tea with Her Majesty. Among those invited was TIME London Bureau Chief Bonnie Angelo. Her report:

At the Queen's yearly series of three garden fetes, blueblooded palace regulars literally rub elbows with ruddy-faced first-timers from towns across the country. The accents differ, but the purpose is the same—to walk among the royals. Well, almost walk. More like squirming into position to catch a glimpse of Elizabeth II in sapphire blue between the broad brims of ladies' hats and the fierce gleaming halberds of the yeomen of the guard, the gaudy-bloomed Beefeaters.

The more determined, throwing dignity to the wind, climb on chairs for an unimpeded view of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, plus a royal flush of five other dukes, duchesses and princesses. In one way or another, all the luminaries are related to Queen Victoria, who launched these occasions in 1868, calling them "breakfasts." Hers were palace society events. Today they are more democratic, mixing ordinary folk who have served country or community with diplomats in flowing robes and exotic headgear, clerics in scarlet and purple, military heroes listing to port under the weight of their medals.

The day had begun a month earlier when the postman delivered—one hoped with proper awe—a 6-in. by 8-in. ivory envelope with the discreet royal seal. The magical card read: "The Lord Chamberlain is commanded by Her Majesty to invite..."—somehow suggesting that he is not keen to have this guest but must obey orders.

There followed a flurry of shopping. The Queen's garden parties very likely provide the profit margin for Britain's milliners and for Moss Bros, venerable suppliers of hired formal wear for male Cinderellas. Moss Bros furnish about 1,000 outfits for each party: proper gray morning suits and toppers rent for \$34, and mere business suits are \$19 (vests extra) for the occasional guest who does not have matching trousers and jacket to his name.

On the afternoon of the party, bib-and-tucked guests are queuing at three entrances more than an hour before entrance time, eager as horses at the starting gate. An enterprising street photog-

rapher works the line where the palace provides a backdrop. "Let's have a picture for the grandchildren," he coaxes. No one succumbs. "We all want one," observes a lady mayoress from the Midlands, "but of course we all say we don't."

At 3:15 the throng is admitted. Neither scarlet-tunicked guards in bearskin hats nor palace security agents question whether one is indeed the name inscribed on the colored admittance card. That is surprising since only a few seasons back London's "King of Touts," known as Fat

into handbags as souvenirs. All done with gentility. Nell Jolliffe, who was awarded the Royal Victorian medal last month for her 58 years of dishing tea at garden parties, shared an insider's nugget: the royals have a special teapot and different tea from the serviceable Indian leaf poured for the rest.

Moving in separate routes, the royals do not actually mingle with the guests but stroll as individual islands in deferential open space. Gentlemen in morning suits—definitely not Moss Bros—with red carnations as a mark of authority pre-position selected guests for a chat with the Queen. After curtsies and bows, generally in need of practice, the honored guests find that their sovereign puts them at ease; soon they are chatting away as merrily



Crowds at Queen's garden party at Buckingham Palace (inset: Prince Charles)

A royal walkabout amid rented morning suits and frosted chocolate cakes.



Stan to his fellow bookies around the football stadiums, disclosed that he had acquired a pack of the coveted invitations and was scalping them at \$800 each.

As guests cross the broad terrace to the crushed-velvet lawn of bent, meadow and rye grass, they face a crucial decision: to head straight for the green-and-white striped refreshment tent, to claim one of the limited number of tables or to stake out a position along the royals' walkabout route. Two out of three is the best even a sprinter can hope for.

Refreshments are by Lyons, rather down-market caterers who produce more than 100,000 morsels ranging from simple buttered bread to frosted chocolate cakes that accompany tea (pour your own milk) or iced coffee (no ice). Experienced guests use the duplex technique of placing larger items over smaller, thus concealing the true dimensions of the load. During the afternoon, dozens of tea plates and spoons will be slipped

as with a neighbor over the back fence. She questions them with interest, reacts spontaneously, laughs easily—then moves away, leaving them with a memory to last a lifetime. The Duke of Edinburgh concentrates on older faces. Prince Charles works the younger set; young ladies all but swoon in his wake.

After an hour, the royals leave the crowd for tea in their crown-topped pavilion. At last, guests begin to wander about the 39 sylvan acres in the heart of London and marvel at the elegance of the splendidly carpeted "cloakroom" facilities. By the curving lake they search for the celebrated flamingos, and in the scalpel-trimmed rose garden compare the Queen's blooms with their own in Surrey.

At 6 p.m., the royals repair to the palace, discreetly signaling to their lingering guests that the idyll has ended. Some leave as they came, in chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royces and Daimlers; others head homeward by tube or bus. In 1870 the *Times* of London wrote, "The day was one of which every particular is worthy to be treasured in memory." And it still is. ■

Time Essay

Portable Music for One and All

They are everywhere, and always going full blast. They play nothing but frenzied music, day and night. They are inescapable. The innocent can get battered with jazz at the newsstand, rock at the bus stop and the diabolical thump-and-shriek of disco before and after. "Shake, shake/ Shake your booty" blares forth from one of them, but not quite in time to drown out another one that is roaring out with "Ring my bell/ Ring my bell, my bell/ Ting-a-ling-a-ling." It is as though the Great God Muzak has berserked out of the dentist's office and run amuck with all his decibels exposed. Actually, the public tranquility is being regularly murdered by that handy modern convenience, the portable transistor radio. Its proliferation is nothing if not phenomenal.

So, evidently, is its addictiveness. Radio buffs have begun to cling to portables full time as though they were life-support systems. Thus meandering music has become commonplace in every metropolis and conspicuously so in the big ones such as Detroit, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles and New York. While the portables are played ostensibly for private enjoyment, the music is freely shared with the world—but not always to applause. Indeed, many captive listeners consider the force-fed entertainment an assault. Whatever else it may be, the new wave of unavoidable music is pervasive—and the dial is rarely turned to bring in even the most important news.

The main legions of portable fans are mostly young and predominantly—but not always—black or hispanic. They do not quite add up to a subculture, but they may represent the rise of a new species of radio fan. Their ears are tuned in constantly to what they call the box. Their boxes come in all sizes, with the biggest the size of suitcases and the best equipped with auxiliary tape decks. The fancy status symbols of the genre—Sanyos or Sonys or JVCs—cost up to \$400, but for a mere \$55 a box-toter can get a General Electric tape model that comes with a shoulder strap, a 5-in. heavy magnet speaker, an automatic program advance, a variable tone control, an eight-track cassette player and, of course, great promise: It is called Loudmouth II. To the new breed of listener, such equipment has already begun to seem a natural part of existence, inevitable. Says one of them, young Messenger Anthony Edwards of Manhattan: "You got your box, they got their box, everybody into their own box. You got to keep the sound moving with you."

And do they ever keep it moving. They play their boxes at work, at leisure, alone, in crowds. In Chicago, they often gather on the street around somebody's car at night and party while working out their boxes in ensemble. Their boxes go with them to parks, in elevators, along beaches. On Fire Island, N.Y., a local ordinance against radio sounds on the shore drew forth about 1,000 box-lovers with their music blaring maximally in protest. Boxes go with them on bikes, in recreational skiffs, even on roller skates. In Manhattan's Central Park, the box phenomenon has linked up with the roller-skating craze to produce a bizarre form of discoing that not only defies description but seriously discourages it. Box-toters seem insatiable. Affectionate couples, a blaring box snuggled between them, have been observed moving their lips, presumably yelling sweet nothings at each other over 90 or so decibels of their song. Who needs it?

No, the appropriate question is, why? Or, better yet, why, why, why? Why take a portable everywhere? Why play it so loud? Why play it at all in crowded public places? Only the great, washed middle class offers that simple, singular answer: the cavalcade of music amounts to a continual bombardment

by the surly troops of the underclass. But social scientists have indulged in more intricate thinking. The box brigade's music, some believe, would seem aggressive only to people unsympathetic to young, poor minority folks. Says Tufts University Sociologist Peter Dreier: "Music is played in public all the time, in shopping centers, record stores and dentists' offices. Nobody minds. But when poor kids do it, suddenly it's a problem."

Other analysts suspect that the music is simply a social comfort to the box-toter, a "security blanket," in the phrase of Sallie Churchill, a social work professor at the University of Michigan. Or a mode of claiming identity. "They're invisible people most of the time," says Sociology Professor Joseph Helfgot of Boston University. "Here is something large and loud that makes them suddenly visible." It may also be a method of walling off the real world. Says Theodore Goldberg, associate professor of social work at Wayne State University: "The kids can just forget when they turn on the music."

TED COWELL



"Everybody into their own box"

The box-toters themselves are not much given to self-analysis. They do not wonder about their practice but blandly accept it. Such is the force of fad and habit; they could not question their need for the music any more than they question their need for air. When coaxed to speak, they see the big carry-around sound as both a relief from loneliness and an aid to socializing. Clearly their constant music shuts them off from a world that has not lately said anything they would prefer to hear.

It is remarkable, in a way, that the world of the city manages so often to notice them, such is the jarring of racket that is the urban norm. After all, an inevitable clamor has tested the sanity of urbanites since the city was first invented. Caesar futilely decried Rome's noisiness, and the situation has got steadily worse ever since. The typical metropolis today suffers not only incessant horn bleats but the ingenious cacophony of screaming sirens, screeching tires, shattering jackhammers, clangorous garbage cans, raucous trucks and roaring buses, not to mention those interesting citizens who haunt all city streets shouting ominous sermons into the middle distance.

Given such ear-rattling circumstances, one might suppose that the addition of even frenetic music to the urban uproar would be greeted with widespread inattention. Still, the city dweller, though besieged by chronic noise among other civic abominations, is not indifferent to his plight. Certain noises, those of traffic, for instance, are inherent in city life; essential and irreducible, they must be borne. The music of the boxes is not in that category. So the spread of the box-toters is raising a public rumormongering over a valid social issue—the public's right not to enjoy the private entertainment of an individual.

Irritation at force-fed music has already prompted a few police crackdowns to keep the radios silent on buses and trains, and has moved many municipalities to exercise existing antinoise laws to hold the volume down in other public spots. The backlash against the box-toters has been wisely mild so far, but how their increasing numbers will fare in the face of increasing irritation is anybody's guess.

Finally, the more interesting question is how these constant listeners will fare through a prolonged addition to the resonant emptiness of radio music. By shutting out the world so habitually, they seem almost to be succeeding from it. Yet an invitation to them to come back in might as well be laid aside. Who would hear it?

—Frank Trippett

People



Bobby Knight in San Juan

Basketball Coach **Bobby Knight** has long been famed for both his temper tantrums and his impressive won-lost record at Indiana University. At the Pan American games in San Juan last week, he embellished his reputation in both areas. He was coaching the U.S. basketball team in a practice session when the Puerto Rican policeman on duty allowed the Brazilian women's team into the gym before he was supposed to by Knight's account.

In a confusing set-to, Knight allegedly stung the cop with a barehand chop. Tossed into jail, Knight was released in time to see his team win the gold against Puerto Rico, 113-94. His trial on an aggravated assault charge was put over until next month.

To celebrate the 86th birthday of Europe's greatest living painter, some 300 examples of **Joan Miró's** last quarter-century of work were rounded up for a unique display at Saint-Paul-de-Vence on the French Riviera. The ultimate *objet* amid the sculpture, paintings and stained glass: the artist himself, in a rare public appearance. Physically Miró showed the shadings of age; artistically, however, he sounded positively primal. "I have a whole infinity of projects in mind," he promised the gathering of international well-wishers. "I am simply waiting for an opportunity to realize them all."



CATALONIA-REXNA

Joan Miró at French exhibition of his works marking his 86th birthday



Ricky Schroder greeting Queen Elizabeth at premiere of *The Champ*

If a cat can look at a king, then a kid can look up to a queen, particularly if the kid is **Ricky Schroder**, 9. Properly togged in midget tuxedo, the star of *The Champ* met **Queen Elizabeth II** at the film's London premiere. Whether, when the lights went down, the Queen sobbed like others who have seen Ricky on-screen remained a royal secret.

Finally, here was someone who could fully sympathize with the loss that **Mohammed Reza Pahlavi** had suffered and the trauma he was enduring. Emerging from his own exile at San Clemente, **Richard Nixon** flew to Mexico to spend the day with the Shah of Iran in Cuernavaca. Explained Nixon to newsmen: "You don't grease the skids for your friends."

O tempora! O board games! Out of the Great Depression came the great Monopoly. From the Great American Tax Revolt generated by California's **Howard Jarvis**, 76, and Proposition 13 has come *Ax Your Tax*. Players try to solve complicated tax problems like how to launder the interest paid on fictitious-name bank accounts. Jarvis, who dutifully posed with an ax and some funny money to promote the game, announced that the endorsement fee had gone to his American Tax Reduction Movement.

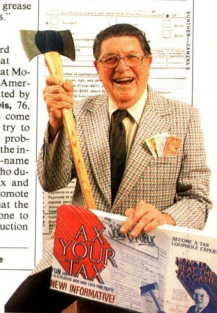
Howard Jarvis and tax game

On The Record

Billy Carter, the President's brother: "I was in Washington recently, and Jimmy was buying four new suits. As tight as Jimmy is, he wouldn't be buying new suits if he wasn't going to run again."

Deng Xiaoping, Chinese Vice Premier, on future plans: "I would like to retire as soon as possible."

LF. Stone, 71, iconoclast and retired political newsletter writer: "Retirement is terrible. It's a vestibule to death. Unless you have something new, such as my Greek studies."



Sport

Baltimore's Soft-Shelled Crab

Baseball's top manager has his Orioles beating the best

Earl Weaver looked on first in anguish, then in outrage. The relief pitcher he had brought in to protect a two-run lead over the Oakland A's last week hit one batter and sent another sprawling to the ground to avoid a beating. Bad enough, but then Home Plate Umpire Rich Garcia claimed that the pitcher had nicked the third hitter on the hand. In a flash of anger, the manager of the Baltimore Orioles came bellowing out of the dugout. "I heard wood!" he screamed at Garcia, claiming the pitch had actually hit the bat.

Hands on hips, his entire body bobbing with fury, Weaver closed on his quarry and pressed his argument to within an inch of Garcia's nose. "You're a dog," he informed the ump. "You're outta here!" replied Garcia.

But Weaver did not go gently into the good night. He seldom does when he is tossed out of a game. He strutted back to the dugout, only to find a cause for another epic tirade. Baltimore Pitcher Sammy Stewart had started to throw to Catcher Rick Dempsey, hoping to keep his arm warm until tempers cooled.

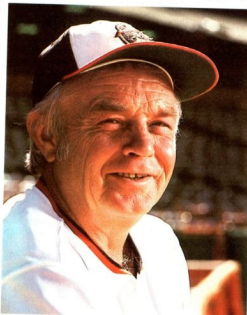
The ump on second base told Stewart to desist. Heave ho or no, Weaver came boiling back onto the field. "There's nothing in the rule-book that can stop my pitcher from throwing to remain warm," he sputtered. "This has never been done before in the history of baseball!" The umpires quickly formed a human barricade around Weaver, and after a bit of belly bumping, the manager departed for the second time.

As Oakland fans—and two of the umpires—applauded, Weaver finally left the field. At least, so it seemed. Back home in Baltimore, Weaver's clubhouse office is equipped with closed-circuit television and a telephone line to the dugout that allow him to keep on running the team in just such emergencies. Lacking these sophisticated amenities in Oakland, Weaver was reduced to hiding in the dugout toilet to remain close to the action. As he poked his head out between plays, Oakland Manager Jim Marshall spotted him and appealed to the ump. Garcia went into action once again. He tracked down Weaver and sent him to the locker room.

"He's a disgrace to the game," Garcia fumed later. Added First Base Umpire Larry Barnett: "He goes goofy. He can't control himself, screaming, ranting and raving. Every time he comes out, he's shot out of a cannon." As for Weaver, he blithely, if inelegantly, explained: "I was

in the bathroom throwing up. They made me sick."

Whatever the state of Weaver's health (umpires have given him indigestion 70 times in nearly eleven years as a big league manager, a record for banishments among current managers), the condition of his Baltimore Orioles was hearty. With the 26 major league teams preparing to break for this week's mid-season All-Star Game, the Orioles last week owned the best record in either league (57 wins and 31 losses for a .648 winning percentage).



Relaxed for once, Weaver has reason to grin at mid-season
"Nobody can judge talent the way he can."

and this in a baseball year as exciting as any in recent memory. There were fascinating races in each division of both leagues, and none of last year's division champs was in first place. In the National League West, the Houston Astros finally were fulfilling their promise, leading the Cincinnati Reds, while the Los Angeles Dodgers, 1978's pennant winner, slumped to last. The Montreal Expos, of all people, were trailed by the Chicago Cubs and the Philadelphia Phillies, winners of the National League East for the past three years. Kansas City, usually ruler of the American League West, was floundering in fourth, while the greatly improved Texas Rangers and California Angels fought for the lead.

The Baltimore Orioles were playing in the toughest territory in the sport, the

American League's Eastern Division. Pitted against the defending World Champion New York Yankees and the powerful Boston Red Sox, teams of great talent, rich payrolls and huge egos, Baltimore wins without benefit of free agents, fat salaries or superstars. Their top hitter, Outfielder Ken Singleton, was batting only .294, and American League fans neglected to elect a single Oriole to the All-Star team. Nonetheless, Baltimore wins baseball games with a masterly blend of young, home-grown talent and unassuming veterans playing solid, back-to-basics baseball. And they win with the benefit of Earl S. Weaver, by consensus, the best manager in baseball.

Since taking over the Orioles from Hank Bauer in the middle of the 1968 season, Weaver has a winning percentage of .596, an average that places him second among the alltime best major league managers. He is in the august company of Joe McCarthy (.615), manager of the Ruth/Gehrig/Dickey/DiMaggio Yankees, and Billy Southworth (.593), whose St. Louis Cardinals dominated the National League during World War II. For all their glory, John P. McGraw (.587), Connie Mack (.484) and Casey Stengel (.509) did not win as consistently. In the past eleven years, Weaver's Orioles have finished either first or second in their division nine times, won five Eastern Division titles, three pennants and the World Series in 1970.

Though no team in the majors has come close to Baltimore's remarkable record over the past two decades (1,884 wins, 1,408 losses), the Orioles struggle in relative anonymity alongside their more glamorous colleagues on the Eastern seaboard. The Birds play to yawning rows of empty seats. The record season attendance, set in 1966, is 1.2 million; by the end of June, the Red Sox had already drawn 1.1 million this year. The Orioles' owner, Baltimore Beer Tycoon Jerold C. Hoffberger, has had the team on the market for five years, and buyers bursting with plans to move the franchise to nearby Washington or faraway Moscow are forever sniffing around the front office.

Just why the Orioles have never really excited Baltimore remains something of a mystery. Other blue-collar cities, such as Detroit and Pittsburgh, have supported baseball teams over the years. And the sports fans are certainly there: the pro football Baltimore Colts are home-town

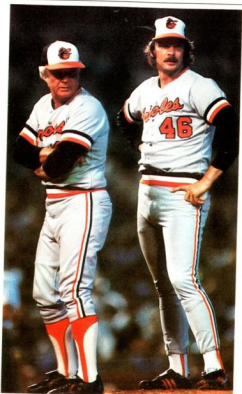
heroes. One reason why the Orioles do not draw better during the long, hot summer may be that the beaches and boats of Chesapeake Bay are just a short drive away. Another could be Memorial Stadium itself. The parking is limited, and any game that draws over 10,000 is sure to cause a traffic jam. For years fans have protested about having to wait in long lines for beer and bathrooms.

But this year, finally, there are signs of fresh support. Home attendance is averaging 20,531, compared with 14,407 last season, and there are some young faces in the generally middle-aged crowd. Occasionally, people having a backyard beer bust will even break out in a cheer, college-style: "O-R-I-O-L-E-S!"

There would be much more to cheer about in Baltimore this year had not the free-agent era dawned in 1976. Other teams stripped the financially strapped Orioles (operating losses last year: \$232,141) of a gallery of stars. Reggie Jackson went to the Yankees for around \$2.9 million. Second Baseman Bobby Grich got an estimated \$1.75 million from the California Angels. Slugger Don Baylor went there too. Pitchers were hired away, Ross Grimsley by the Expos, Wayne Garland by Cleveland and Dick Drago by the Red Sox. "Yes," admits Orioles General Manager Hank Peters, "that's a good All-Star team. Believe me, it hurts, it hurts."

Yet nothing truly seems to hurt Baltimore. With a development program that has become a model for the rest of the major leagues, the club constantly replenishes its supply of first-class ballplayers. Says Cleveland Indians General Manager Gabe Paul: "Baltimore has made a tradition of having great scouts. They seem to have better eyes and better judgment." Fifteen of the 25 players on the current Oriole roster were brought up through the farm system, and with plenty of talent on the big club, Baltimore has the luxury of seasoning their young players before

"He just fights for everything he can get."



A conference of sorts with Pitcher Mike Flanagan
"It's a classic Napoleonic complex."

pushing them into the lineup. Example: Shortstop Luis Aparicio shared a season with Newcomer Mark Belanger in the late '60s while he developed the skills that have made him the American League's Gold Glove Winner eight times. Now Belanger, 35, is bringing along his understudy, Kiko Garcia, 25.

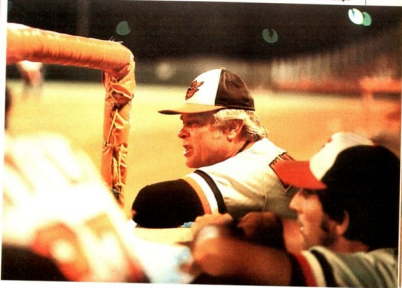
Thus the Orioles have maintained a remarkable continuity over the years, blending age and youth. Oriole Coach Frank Robinson, a Triple Crown winner with the great clubs of the late '60s, which included Brooks Robinson and Boog Pow-

ell, explains: "A lot of clubs sit down at the end of spring training, pick the 25 best athletes and head north. Here, they sit down and look for the right mix, and they do it in detail like no other ball club I've ever seen. It's not just the best athletes or the best starting nine, it's who can do the best job of sitting on the bench for a week, then get up and get a hit? Who can steal a base as a pinch runner in the late innings? Who can play more than one position if someone gets injured? Nobody in baseball can put all those elements together better than Earl Weaver, because nobody can judge baseball talent as well as he can."

As he keeps his Orioles flying high, despite injuries and the power of the Yankees and the Red Sox, Weaver has grown in stature in the eyes of his peers. "He gets the most out of every individual," says George Bamberger, who used to coach Baltimore's pitchers and now manages the Milwaukee Brewers, another strong team in the division. "He's great when times are bad. He doesn't panic when his team goes into a slump." Says John Schuerholz, vice president of the Kansas City Royals: "In years past I considered Weaver among the best managers in baseball. Now I think he is the best of them all. I hesitate to say that he's mellowed, really, because he's as fiery a competitor as ever. But he's matured as an individual, and he's gotten to know so much about the game. Those tremendously aggressive instincts are now tempered with a tremendous amount of knowledge."

Earl Weaver, at 5 ft. 8 in. and 165 lbs., a bundle of energy but not of modesty, admits that no one can evaluate players as well as he. "But I learned to judge a ballplayer's capabilities the hard way—by having to recognize my own incapacities." Weaver, 48, grew up in St. Louis in the days of the Cardinals' Gas

"He's great when times are bad. He doesn't panic when his team goes into a slump."



House Gang and the old Browns of the American League. (In 1954 the Browns moved to Baltimore and became the Orioles.) Both the Cards and the Browns won pennants in 1944, and Weaver had the treat of a home-town World Series.

He was an old fan by then. His father ran the dry-cleaning establishment that cleaned uniforms for both clubs. At age seven, Earl went into the locker rooms to pick up the laundry. "I used to walk into that clubhouse and carry a big armful of dirty uniforms out to my dad's van. You don't think my eyes were big? Those were the uniforms Leo Durocher, Ducky Medwick, Pepper Martin wore, and I was carrying them in my arms. By the time I was eleven or twelve, I was seeing 100 baseball games a year, sitting in the stands second-guessing Billy Southworth. I guess you could say that baseball got into my blood."

When he graduated from high school at 17, he signed with the Cardinals as a second baseman. There followed nine years as a player in the minors: tank towns, bus rides, bad food, but he was young and playing ball and that was all that mattered. Red Schoendienst was the resident second baseman for the Cards in those days, and no minor leaguer was about to dislodge him. The closest Weaver came was a single spring training on the big league roster before being sent down again to Class AA. "My biggest thrill was when I got into a game and somebody popped the ball up behind second base. I went back for it, and all of a sudden, I heard Enos Slaughter call me off the ball. I got out of the way and let him catch it. It was thrilling enough just to be called off by a guy like that."

He worked off-seasons at a variety of menial jobs, finally settling in at a loan company, where he interviewed applicants and tracked down delinquent borrowers. Ballplayers with lame excuses have since found that a manager who once chased defaulters views their alibis with a gimlet eye. In 1956 Weaver was hired as player-manager of the Class A Knoxville Smokies, a move that penurious owners traditionally employ to get two jobs

Second Baseman Rich Dauer giving his all against the Oakland A's



The old Oriole try: Catcher Dempsey blocks the tying run in the 9th against California

done on one salary. The new manager promptly showed insight by benching Knoxville's second baseman, one Earl Weaver. When the year ended, he gave up on baseball and headed for a career in small loans. "The only thing I'd ever wanted in my life was to be a major league ballplayer, but I had to admit to myself

in the process, I suppose, I broke some hearts."

But the Baltimore front office had spotted Weaver's managing talent during his brief tenure in Knoxville. He was offered a job as player-manager of the Class D farm team, and was on his way. Milwaukee Brewer General Manager Harry Dalton, a former Baltimore executive who shepherded Weaver's rise through the minors, had no doubts about picking him to manage the Orioles: "He's always been a winner, and it's as simple as that. In baseball language, that denotes a particular type—a man who gets the most out of his ball clubs."

Some American League umpires may find it hard to believe, but Weaver was much more tempestuous in the minors than he is today. Blessed, or perhaps cursed, with an encyclopedic knowledge of the game, its rules, precedents and subtleties, he pushed his cause with a vigor that bordered on the manic. American League President Lee MacPhail recalls the day when Weaver was thrown out of a game for disputing a call at third base—and uprooted the bag and took it with him. A policeman had to be dispatched to recover the base so the game could continue. Dalton remembers that when Weaver did not like a call at home, he would insist that, since the umpires could not see the plate anyhow, it might as well be obliterated: "He would get down on all fours and make little sand castles on top of home plate and completely cover it up."

Reflecting on Weaver, a trio of American League umpires offer differing views. Says Ron Luciano, who has tangled spectacularly with him over the years: "He gives me the impression that he wants everything—that he wants you to cheat for him. He wants an unfair advantage. Maybe that comes with a winning attitude." Says Dave Phillips: "His main objective is to intimidate. He doesn't use any curse words. He just fights for everything he can get." Jerry Neudecker is kinder: "I'd just as soon have Weaver out there as any-



Pitcher Palmer

Outfielder Singleton

that I wasn't good enough. It broke my heart. But right then I started becoming a good baseball person, because when I came to recognize, and more important, accept my own deficiencies, then I could recognize other players' inabilities and learn to accept them, not for what they can't do, but for what they can do. And

Sport

body else. He's been fair to me. He won't take up for a ballplayer when he knows the ballplayer is wrong."

When Weaver thinks he is right, though, he can still be a terror. In a memorable display of baseball theater, Weaver last month waxed so wroth during a fight with an umpire that he literally tore up the rulebook. Recalls Weaver: "I said, 'If the rulebook doesn't mean anything, then let's just go ahead and tear it up.' And I did. Then I saw there was a chunk I missed, so I picked it up and tore it up too."

But Weaver does not win games fighting with umpires. He wins with his own distinctive style of managing. He does not believe inflexibly in the sacrifice bunt, the hit-and-run or, for that matter, the supposedly hallowed rule that left-handed hitters hit better against right-handed pitchers, and vice versa. He does believe in The Stats, those mysterious denizens of a huge, battered filing cabinet in Weaver's Baltimore office, show every Oriole hitter's performance—lifetime, seasonal and last week—against every American League pitcher. Boston Manager Don Zimmer will start the same man day after day. Not Weaver. He tailors his lineup to the opponent's starting pitcher. "Now take Lee May," Weaver explains. "Here's the most consistent power hitter in the majors over the last decade, but he hits Luis Tiant about two for 21. No way he's going to be in the lineup against Tiant when I got this little guy who hits his junk for about .420." The result is a wildly varying series of batting orders and, Weaver swears before each game, lineups certain to "hit this bum about four times out of ten." In the words of Rightfielder Singleton: "We call it going to the books, as in, 'He went to the books on you, and you get a day off.'" One additional advantage: no one languishes on the bench for too long.

Some players resent the constant juggling and insist that they find it difficult to settle into a groove in the field or at the plate while yo-yoing in and out of the lineup. If they don't, Weaver has a simple solution. Says Pitcher Steve Stone: "He just tells you he's the boss. Most managers don't have to tell you that all the time. It's a classic Napoleonic complex."

Such comments, barbed enough to provoke a fistfight with other managers, roll off Weaver. He and his players yell at each other so much that the dugout sounds like a session of primal scream therapy, but the anger quickly passes. Frank Robinson, who became the first black to manage in the big leagues (with Cleveland) after his playing career ended, believes this is Weaver's strong point: "Lord, nobody can chew you like Earl can chew you, and it's plenty tough to take. But the instant it's over, it's forgotten. The man never carries a grudge, and that's where trouble can start. He does

the best job of any manager I've ever known at keeping 25 ballplayers relatively happy. He doesn't do it by being their friend; he does it by never, but never, taking anything personally and by making damn sure nobody else does either."

To ensure that personal matters don't intrude on the clubhouse, Weaver keeps a studied distance between him and his players. "I don't hug a pitcher after a shut-out, because next time, I may have to take him out of the game in the first inning. I can't be their friend because I have to be the guy who yells at them when they make mistakes." But Weaver is intensely loyal to his players—and they know it. Pitcher Jim Palmer, three-time Cy Young Award winner, currently out of the pitching rotation with arm trouble, is a sophisticated star who has, for 10½ seasons, carried on a love-hate relationship with his manager.



Weaver argues with Umpire Barnett...

"I hesitate to say that he's mellowed, really, because he's as fiery a competitor as ever."

er. Their differences are legion and complex, but of one thing Palmer is certain: "He's on my side." When Palmer's name is mentioned, Weaver softly claps his hands, a characteristic gesture he uses to show respect for talent. "This is a Hall of Fame pitcher," he says of Palmer. "How can you not love that kind of ability?"

Weaver's Orioles have always had good pitching. Over the years, the starting rotation has included such names as Mike Cuellar, Dave McNally, Pat Dobson, Palmer and, of late, such strong young stars as Dennis Martinez, Mike Flanagan, Scott McGregor and Reliever Don ("Full Pack") Stanhouse ("That's how many cigarettes I smoke when he's on the mound," Weaver explains). The Orioles have also built a defense that is as sound as talent and hard practice can make it. Baltimore teams rarely miss the cutoff man. "Talent," says Weaver. "No

scatter-armed outfielder will ever hit the cutoff, no matter how much you tell him where to throw the ball." Orioles' pitchers always try to get the lead runner. "Some clubs only practice that play a few days in spring training," Singleton says. "Here, we practice it every day."

The Oriole infield is competent but less brilliant than those of past teams. The marvelous Brooks Robinson is gone from third base, his place filled by Doug Decinces, 28, a power at the plate (28 home runs last year) but erratic on defense. After breaking his nose four times, he has an unfortunate tendency to *ole* grounders hit his way: stand to the side and wave them past like an onrushing bull rather than plant himself in front of the ball. But Shortstop Belanger, Second Baseman Rich Dauer and Centerfielder Al Bum-bry give the team strength up the mid-



and then turns the rulebook into confetti

"I hesitate to say that he's mellowed, really, because he's as fiery a competitor as ever."

dle, and Bumby, a tiny (5 ft. 8 in.) spark-plug, ignites the running game. First Baseman Eddie Murray is a power hitter in the Boog Powell mold and a fine fielder. Not a household name among them, but they have proved potent enough to hold the Yankees, Red Sox and Brewers at bay. And, as always with an Earl Weaver team, a masterly balance of talent and the old Oriole try.

"When I came in, at age 37," says Weaver, "I inherited three Hall of Famers, Brooks, Frank [Robinson] and Palmer. Since then, thanks to the organization, I've never had a bad ballplayer on my roster. Good ballplayers make good managers, not the other way around. All I can do is help them be as good as they are." Then the Baltimore manager pauses and claps his hands in that little gesture. "This bunch is pretty good, aren't they? We've stayed up longer than Skylab." ■



Topanga Canyon, Calif.: three bedrooms and solar roof panels



Atlanta, Ga.: four bedrooms in a renovated frame house

Economy & Business

Gimme Shelter! But Where?

It is getting ever harder to find housing as more buys less

In Hartsdale, N.Y., a young wife asks a rental agent: "Do you have any nice, one-bedroom \$350-a-month apartments?"

"Sure, lady," replies the agent, "we got a lot of \$350 apartments. But we're getting \$600 for them."

Everywhere in the U.S.—in towns and villages as well as in cities and suburbs—the cost of shelter is going through the roof. Despite runaway rents, galloping home prices and the difficulties of finding mortgages and paying sky-high interest rates, demand remains strong. The availability of apartments, co-ops, condominiums and houses is tight, and there is no sign that the housing boom is about to bust. Meanwhile, the worsening shelter squeeze is changing the way America lives—for the worse.

In the twelve months through May, the median price of new one-family houses jumped 13% to \$62,900, and the National Association of Realtors expects roughly the same size rise this year. Prices of old houses are moving up just as rapidly. The average mortgage rate for a new home has jumped from 9.1% in January 1978 to 10.7% last month and is rising faster than at any time since 1973.

The daring or desperate who bought two years ago are smiling now, but the cautious are weeping and wailing. Young couples are acquiring their first homes earlier in life—more often than before with family financial help—partly as a hedge against further inflation. Even with the new graduated payment mortgages that allow lower monthly outlays in the

first few years, many people are dangerously overextending themselves. Says Norris Allman, 27, an engineer in New Jersey: "We finally made a decision that either we buy now or we would never be able to afford to buy at all."

The Department of Housing and Urban Development estimates that in 1970 half the people in the U.S. could have afforded to buy a median-priced new house—then \$23,400—by the normal credit rule that they spend no more than 25% of their pretax income on mortgage payments. Today, by that same standard, only 13% can afford new-home ownership and 38% of all buyers ignore that prudent rule. In recent years, the price of new housing has gone up much faster than either personal income or inflation. Consequently, many Americans have become "house poor." They do without and put off having families while the wife works full time to make ends meet. Last year almost half of all home buyers were families with two incomes. Says Patti Garmel, a Los Angeles real estate agent: "I think some people wind up looking at four walls because they can't afford to go to a movie."

However poor, new homeowners may be lucky. It used to be that people who could not afford to buy a house at least could afford to rent a comfortable apartment. But that has become much tougher lately. The rent of a nice two-bedroom apartment in Manhattan is now more than \$1,000 a month, vs. \$700 two years ago; in Chicago, it is \$670, vs. \$540; and in Los Angeles, \$700, vs. \$400. "It's a closet," sighs Olga Flores, a Houston social

worker, of her \$350-a-month one-bedroom apartment, which she found only after a long search. The old rule that renters spend no more than a quarter of their pretax income on rent went out with the Edsel. Explains Marc Lewis, a part owner of Manhattan's Gardner Realty: "They come looking for a one-bedroom and end up taking a studio."

Rents are soaring largely because apartments are growing scarce. In desirable areas of such cities as New York and Los Angeles, the vacancy rate is under 1%, and landlords are using the shortage to vet prospective tenants and refuse those with modest incomes. Finding an apartment requires tramping the streets and often bribing doormen. Reports Norman Kailo, president of the New Jersey Association of Realtors: "Young marrieds are beginning to double up, and there are a lot of illegal conversions of one-family units into two-family."

Rent controls have discouraged new building. While rents on newly let apartments have soared, the levy on occupied premises has been held artificially low. Worried about future controls, landlords have stopped building. Many are breaking the controls by converting rental apartments to co-ops or condominiums and selling out for a quick profit. This year landlords will convert and sell up to 130,000 apartments, vs. only 60,000 in 1977.

The average selling price of a Manhattan co-op has jumped to more than \$30,000 a room, from \$18,000 a year ago and \$11,000 in 1974. In Chicago, the typical condominium price per



Houston: four bedrooms and pool in a Mediterranean-style villa



Vernon Hills, Ill.: two bedrooms (top center) in a four-unit condo

room is \$46,000, vs. \$30,000 last year. Demand is strong: all 280 condos in one town-house complex in Los Angeles' Century Hills sold out even before construction began. Prices: \$230,000 to \$400,000 per apartment.

The price explosion can be frustrating for sellers as well as buyers. Two years ago, Leonard Sillman, a theatrical producer, was offered \$300,000 for his five-story Manhattan town house. He decided to wait, and three months ago his patience paid off: he sold his house for \$600,000. But two weeks later he was offered \$800,000. How does he feel about his sale-too-soon? Replies Sillman: "Suicidal."

For buyers the scramble is depressing. A two-bedroom East Side Manhattan apartment that cost \$50,000 four years ago now goes for \$225,000. A modest brownstone in Brooklyn costs \$130,000. Fifty-year-old houses in Atlanta's Virginia-Highland neighborhood of wood-frame bungalows have doubled from \$30,000 in 1976 to \$60,000. A one-bedroom condo in Boston's scruffy South End costs up to \$60,000. Says Ann Wallace, 31, who was looking to buy in the supposedly inexpensive area of south-central Los Angeles: "What we figured would sell for \$40,000 is selling for \$60,000. What we figured would go for \$60,000 sells for \$100,000."

After two months of looking, Karen Goldstein, 25, a freelance writer, spotted a condo for sale in Culver City, a Los Angeles suburb, at \$79,000. But by the time she brought her husband back the next day to look at it, the price had bumped to \$89,000. While the Goldsteins waited a week, the price went up a further \$10,000. Later they found a three-bedroom "dream house" in the Cheviot Hills area that Karen estimated should cost \$180,000 tops. Its asking price: \$450,000. Steven Flint, 26, a savings counselor in Des Plaines, Ill., and his wife Nadine are thinking about buying a \$62,600 town house in a housing development that is located 25 miles northwest of Chicago. Says he: "For \$500 I can reserve a place and then work my tail off at two jobs for a

year to get the down payment together. I'll have to continue with two jobs after we move in, and my wife will probably have to work all her adult life to support this house. There is a good chance our daughter will be an only child."

In some states, searching for a mortgage is as hard as scouring for a house. The thrift institutions, which make most mortgage loans, are strapped for cash. Federal law limits the interest that they can pay depositors, who are now withdrawing funds to invest more lucratively. This April and May were the two worst months ever recorded for withdrawals, and preliminary June figures also look poor.

Usury laws in some states artificially hold down the interest that home lenders may charge. This has discouraged them from lending locally. For example, New Jersey limits mortgage interest to 10½%. Says Robert O'Brien, president of New-

ark's Carteret Savings & Loan Association: "Every day a phone rings and a mortgage broker offers prime loans that we can make in good areas of California and Maryland at a high interest rate. Our conscience tells us to serve the people of New Jersey, but we know we will lose money on every loan we make."

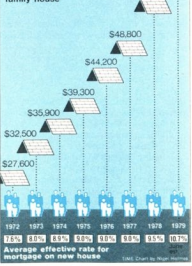
Many usury ceilings are being raised—New York's is now 9½%—but money shortages persist. That is because demand for loans has stayed high even when charges increase, so many lenders are rationing credit and even refusing new applications. Some lend only 50% or 60% of the value of a house or restrict the term of a loan to 20 or 25 years. Others lend only to established depositors or to affluent people earning more than a set limit. The squeeze is tightened further by large corporations that pay fees to thrift institutions to reserve mortgage money for their employees.

Land, labor and materials costs are inflating at a 17% rate in some areas. Government regulations, especially at local levels, add up to 20% to new house prices. Towns may require 10-in. water mains when 6-in. pipes would do, and 36-ft.-wide roads where 26-ft. streets would be adequate. Because of such regulations, HUD officials report, it now takes builders three or four times longer than just a few years ago to move from the planning stages to completion of a house.

House prices historically have proved remarkably resistant to economic downturns. Today the supply of homes is limited, and the demand from buyers is likely to remain strong and even grow as more and more baby-boom couples rush to jump aboard the real estate express. The prospect is for prices to continue rising faster than salaries. This will lead to a steady increase in debt, which will burden even well-paid two-income families. Argues Michael Inselmann, president of Houston Metro, a real estate research firm: "We are going to have to change our expectations as to what our little abode is going to be. The American dream will have to be readjusted."

RAISING THE ROOF

Median sales price for a new single-family house



Fraser Goes into High Gear

A savvy Scot is in the driver's seat as auto talks open

Early this week United Auto Workers President Douglas Fraser leads a phalanx of union representatives into the orange-carpeted fifth-floor conference room at General Motors headquarters in Detroit to open triennial contract negotiations with the Big Three automakers. The outcome of the most important labor negotiation of the year will significantly affect inflation and wage rates in other industries. Much will depend on Fraser, who is making his debut as chief negotiator for the 1.5-million-member union that he has headed since 1977. TIME Detroit Correspondent Michael Moritz analyzes the man whom the auto chiefs will confront.

you've got in the House of Representatives is 435 baronies—with a few exceptions—and it is almost as bad in the Senate." He accuses Jimmy Carter of a lack of leadership, and he leans toward Ted Kennedy, whose views he shares on national health insurance, on legislation to prevent big company mergers and on the creation of a national energy corporation to compete with the oil companies in finding new sources, and developing them.

Ideologically, Fraser is further left than his union, a blue-collared bundle of tensions divided on social and economic issues and standing outside the AFL-CIO. During the 1976 negotiations,

insulation around water heaters; he was fired for trying to organize a union. Later he went to work for 75¢ an hour at the Chrysler De Soto plant, but left the shop floor to become a union staffer in 1947 and, shortly thereafter, one of Walter Reuther's right-hand men. When Reuther died in 1970, Fraser competed closely with Leonard Woodcock for the presidency. Woodcock won a narrow majority in the U.A.W. vote board; Fraser withdrew and urged that the election be made unanimous. That gracious gesture perhaps ensured his own election to the \$59,000 post in 1977, when Woodcock reached the mandatory retirement age of 65.

Popular in the U.A.W. as a man whom workers can grab by the lapels "for a beer and bull shit," as a union staffer puts it, Fraser is also welcomed by company negotiators at the bargaining table. Says Chrysler Vice President William M. O'Brien: "He is a better negotiator than Walter [Reuther] and clearly a better negotiator than Leonard [Woodcock]. If Doug says this is the way it is going to be, you can put that in the bank."

Fraser is not eager for a strike and he cites the union's modest settlement in 1958, another slumping year for the industry. But the last year that talks were concluded without a strike was 1964, and the two sides are starting out far apart. If a settlement has not been reached by the Sept. 14 contract expiration date, the betting is that Fraser would select General Motors for a strike target rather than Ford or the financially stricken Chrysler.

The union refuses to specify its wage demands yet, but they surely will not be mini-sized; Fraser declared last April that the 7% guidelines had "self-destructed." He insists too that the "No. 1 priority demand" is to adopt a cost of living escalator for union pensioners. Fraser intends to push for a four-day work week, though he will probably have to battle for a few more days off with pay (auto workers can now take 39.5 of them a year).

The U.A.W. strike fund is flush with \$280 million, but leaders worry about an apathetic membership. Says Woody Ferguson, president of Detroit's 17,000-member Local 174: "The members think of coming to only two meetings every three years. At the first they want to know how much we are asking for; at the second they want to know how much we got."

There is some fear for the union's future after Fraser and other senior officers retire. A whole group of the committed, heads-busted-on-picket-lines generation has to be out by 1983. Fraser is the first to admit that the union could "go the way of all flesh." But he is convinced that "we are steeped in tradition and history that is apt to produce a certain kind of leadership." Surely tomorrow's auto union chiefs, whoever they are, will learn quite a bit from watching how Fraser handles the problem of asking for more in a lean year.



On the eve of negotiations, the U.A.W. president meets some members in Atlanta. *Solidarity forever, although the union is a blue-collar bundle of tensions.*

Late on a dismal, rainy Friday night a motley crowd in Detroit's smoky Woodbridge Tavern listens to a woman with fierce ginger hair punching out tunes on a ravaged piano. Over the chatter, the president of the third largest union in the U.S. clutches a microphone and, in a gravelly voice, leads the house in a rendering of *Solidarity Forever*. Douglas Fraser has been singing this union anthem for almost half a century now, his own career paralleling the rise of the U.A.W. He is the last of a generation of labor leaders bred in the rich liberal traditions of American trade unionism.

A silver-haired six-footer with a deeply lined face, Fraser, 62, retains the liberal's faith in the American people, but is vocal about his disenchantment with the nation's leadership. Says he: "The auto workers have a feeling that Government could screw up a two-car funeral. What

when he was a U.A.W. vice president, Fraser pressed to have auto workers elected to the Chrysler board. He admits that his bargaining committee "was kind of relieved when I pulled the proposal off the table during the last couple of days." He does not plan to make an issue of it this year, although he admires the West German system of having some workers serve as directors. As a civilian police commissioner in Detroit, Fraser insisted on affirmative-action hiring policies within the police force.

Born in Glasgow in 1916, Fraser can remember his father returning home from work in a distillery and lighting the fire with pilfered whisky. He was six when the family moved to Detroit and his father got work in Ford's River Rouge plant. After quitting high school in the eleventh grade because he was "impatient and bored," Fraser got a job packing cork

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New Weapon for Bashing Bosses

Labor's pension fund muscle

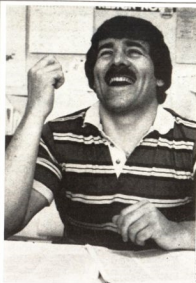
He wears jeans to the office, lifts weights to stay in shape for the long working days and has little of the charisma of legendary labor leaders. Yet Ray Rogers, 35, former VISTA volunteer, is shaking up union-management relations with a devastating new tactic that could well become as much a part of labor's arsenal as the strike or the picket line. An organizer for the Manhattan-based Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers, Rogers is the chief of its "corporate campaign," which uses the union's raw financial and political power. His campaign has already brought some of the most powerful corporations to their knees, and his ideas are spreading to other unions.

Rogers' prime target has been J.P. Stevens & Co., the second largest U.S. textile maker, which for more than 16 years has fought off unionization despite repeated warnings by the National Labor Relations Board and three contempt citations by federal courts. Labor regards cracking Stevens as the key to organizing the largely nonunion South. The ACTUWU aims at isolating Stevens by making it a pariah to other business and financial institutions. Says Rogers: "The ultimate goal of the corporate campaign is, if necessary, to totally alienate and polarize the corporate and Wall Street communities away from J.P. Stevens."

Last winter the ACTUWU organized a campaign that led labor unions to threaten to withdraw more than \$1 billion in pension and other funds from New York's Manufacturers Hanover bank unless it dumped two of its directors, who also held seats on the Stevens board. The bank quickly caved in and failed to renominate Stevens Chairman James D. Finley and David W. Mitchell, chairman of Avon Products. Two weeks later Mitchell, deluged with letters from union sympathizers threatening a boycott of Avon goods, also quit as a Stevens director.

Next the ACTUWU turned its ire on the New York Life Insurance Co. by announcing that it would run its own candidates for the board against Finley and New York Life's chairman R. Manning Brown Jr. A contested election would have cost the insurance firm as much as \$6 million to mail ballots to its policyholders, and New York Life decided that it was not worth the fight. Stevens' Finley was again knocked off a board—this time New York Life's—and he was furious. Meanwhile, Brown, who had earlier vowed not to give in, resigned from the Stevens board. Said he: "I must consider the interests of New York Life."

But that was only the beginning. Now the union is going after E. Virgil Conway, chairman of the Seamen's Bank for Savings in New York City, who refuses



Organizing Activist Ray Rogers at his office
Threatening to take the money and run.

to quit as a director of Stevens. The union is stirring up activist groups against Seamen's by pointing out that the bank makes most of its mortgage loans to borrowers outside metropolitan New York. The ACTUWU has also enlisted political, labor and religious groups to help block the bank from opening a branch on Long Island.

Next on the hit list is Sidney Weinberg Jr., a partner of Goldman, Sachs, the investment banker. Rogers plans a nationwide campaign to force him out as a Stevens director. After that the union will probably try to push Finley off the boards of Sperry Rand and Borden.

Rogers has been advising other unions on ways to apply pressure, notably the United Food and Commercial Workers. For two years the UFCW has been battling the Seattle-First National Bank, the largest in the Northwest, to recognize the union as the bargaining agent for the bank's employees. The union has persuaded labor organizations and civic groups to withdraw deposits of more than \$125 million from Seafirst. It has also begun to ask other unions to take their pension funds from Seafirst's correspondent banks in an effort to get them to break their ties. Last week the AFL-CIO called for a national boycott of Seafirst by union pension-fund managers.

Many business people regard the tactic as a form of secondary boycott and possibly illegal. Nonsense, says Rogers: "Unions must confront giant corporate capital with workers' capital. They must confront interlocking corporate power with interlocking workers' power." In the meantime, labor and business leaders are waiting to see what the new tactic produces. If either Stevens or Seafirst is eventually compelled to accept unionization, labor's use of the "corporate campaign" squeeze is certain to increase. ■

Welcome Home, You're Fired

Sudden shake-up at ITT

As the highly regarded head of the nation's eleventh largest industrial corporation, 53-year-old Lyman Hamilton Jr. had a future that appeared to be bright and secure. Yet the affable, mild-mannered president and chief executive officer of ITT had just returned from a three-week swing through the Pacific last week when, with stunning swiftness, the board fired him. The year's most astonishing management shake-up showed just how little job security there is at the top.

A terse two-page press release announced that Hamilton, who last year earned \$759,000 in salary and benefits, had "resigned" over "policy differences" and would be succeeded by Executive Vice President Rand Araskog, 47. Company flacks who a few hours earlier had been extolling Hamilton's abilities now found themselves complaining that their former skipper always seemed to be jettisoning off to the ends of the earth instead of managing the shop in Manhattan.

In fact, Hamilton was ousted after only 18 months because he upset the man who had built ITT into the world's biggest conglomerate, its demanding, autocratic chairman, Harold Geneen, 69. Hamilton's offense? Nothing more than some modest restructuring of the company into five operating divisions, and a bit of judicious pruning of corporate deadwood that had grown up under Geneen.

Tensions had been building between the two men almost from the moment that Hamilton stepped into Geneen's job as day-to-day operational boss of the company. Reluctant to relinquish power, Geneen in 1975 had been given a two-year exemption from the company's policy of mandatory retirement at 65, but when he



Ousted Chief Executive Lyman Hamilton Jr.
Some old soldiers refuse to fade away.

Economy & Business

A Bitter Payoff at ISC

After lavish bribes for big deals, SEC transit gloria

finally did step down, ostensibly to confine himself to his more general policy-making duties as board chairman, he pestered the new chief with critical memos, maneuvered to circumvent Hamilton's corporate decision making and sometimes even insulted him to his face. One source close to both recalls Geneen remarking in Hamilton's presence shortly before he stepped aside as chief executive: "I want to get this company in such tight order that even Mickey Mouse can run it."

For all the intrigue, the company is not likely to suffer much. Upheavals on foreign currency markets have cut into ITT's overseas earnings since April, but that is beyond the power of any management to control. By just about every other measure ITT, which last year earned a record \$662 million on sales of \$15.2 billion, remains healthy.

The company stands to see a lot more of Geneen, at least until his \$1 million-a-year management contract expires in 1981 and he presumably retires for good at 71. No sooner had he dumped Hamilton than he was jetting to Europe where, in the words of one ITT executive, "more heads are expected to roll." Sure enough, at week's end Gerhard Andlinger, president of ITT Europe, "resigned."

Sky Twain

More laissez-faire in the air

It is indeed rare for a father to give his blessings to three suitors in quest of his daughter's hand. But last week the Civil Aeronautics Board granted tentative approval for either Pan American or gutsy little Texas International Airlines to acquire Miami-based National Airlines. Equally surprising, the CAB also gave Eastern Air Lines permission to buy up to 25% of National's stock, although the board has not made a decision on Eastern's takeover proposal.

The CAB has thus cleared the way for Pan Am and Texas International, each holding close to 25% of National's shares, to fight fairly freely for control of the airline in the marketplace. If Eastern later gets CAB permission to buy more than 25% of National's stock (it now holds just 100 or so shares), it also will become a serious bidder.

Pan Am's merger proposal is likely to prevail and receive final approval from the White House. The international carrier has routes that dovetail neatly with National's predominantly domestic runs and would probably not encounter anti-trust objections.

The CAB's decision to allow the courtship shows its new tolerance of mergers. This week the board is expected to rule favorably on a linkup between Western and Continental. Passengers would benefit almost immediately. If they merge, Western and Continental have promised a 20% reduction in coach fares.

The skein of corruption reached across four continents and featured the bribery of top government officials or members of ruling families in seven countries, including Saudi Arabia, Iran, Chile and Nicaragua. These are the elements of a complaint by the Securities and Exchange Commission against Houston's International Systems & Controls Corp., which surged during the early 1970s by providing services and equipment to help Third World countries develop their energy and agriculture.

In a federal civil suit in Washington last week, the SEC accused ISC of getting some \$750 million in

orders over the past decade by making more than \$23 million in "questionable and illicit" payments, and having "outstanding commitments" of \$10 million for similar payments. Named as defendants were the company, deposed Chairman J. Thomas Kennelly, Senior Vice President Herman Frietsch, former General Counsel Raymond Hofker, former Treasurer Albert Angulo and Chief Engineer Harlan Stein. The SEC asked the court immediately to appoint an agent to take over the company's records and oversee its activities. Reason: according to the SEC, the firm in recent weeks has begun "a massive shredding of corporate documents."

The unusually detailed charges suggest that the company spent almost as much effort buying off officials as it did pursuing its business. The SEC's allegations read like a Baedeker of bribery.

For example, in Iran, where ISC sales averaged \$60 million annually in recent years, the company, in pursuit of a \$350 million pulp-and-paper project, paid several groups of agents \$11.3 million of a \$22.3 million commitment. Among them: Prince Abdul Reza, a brother of the Shah. The prince, says the SEC, was paid to use his influence for ISC.

In Saudi Arabia, where ISC won a \$106 million contract to design and build a desalination plant, the SEC charges that the company paid Adnam Samman, then vice governor of the state-run Saline Water Conversion Corp., \$3.5 million. To pick up a \$50 million contract for a sugar processing complex in the Ivory Coast, ISC paid Gilchrist Olympio, son of a former President of Togo, more than \$1 mil-

lion and gave him a new Lincoln Continental, the SEC says. At the time, Olympio was managing director of a British consulting firm hired by the Ivory Coast government to screen competitors for the contract. Another \$310,000 went to a company half owned by Timothée Ahoua, then and now the Ivory Coast ambassador to the U.S.

In Chile, the company worked out a deal with Daniel Fuenzalida, chief economic adviser to General Gustavo Leigh, a member of the ruling junta. Fuenzalida and others formed a company called Chilco, which the SEC said was to be paid .5% of the value of any contracts that ISC secured in the country. One member of Chil-

co was Benjamin Rencoret, who was and is a Chilean honorary consul in Houston. Despite payments of \$30,000 to Chilco, the company failed to get the contract it was seeking: construction of a \$375 million liquefied natural gas plant.

An ISC subsidiary landed a contract in Algeria to build a natural gas treatment plant. The subsidiary listed a cost of \$400,000 paid to Rhasid Zeghar, a former senior military officer, for consulting services, which the SEC says consisted of meeting with ISC representatives for four days. In order to win a \$5.2 million contract to build a grain storage facility in Nicaragua, other subsidiaries paid \$415,538 to companies owned or controlled by Dictator Anastasio Somoza and his wife.

Company officials deny that the payments were bribes and claim they were sales commissions and consulting fees. In any event, the two-year investigation by the SEC has put ISC in dire trouble. Unable to meet its payroll since April, it has piled up \$24 million in losses, and trading in its once high-flying stock has been halted by the American Stock Exchange. The Justice Department is also investigating. It could bring criminal charges against the company and some officers for violating the Foreign Corrupt Practices Act and U.S. securities laws.



Consul Rencoret



Ambassador Ahoua



Ex-Boss Kennelly



Dictator Somoza

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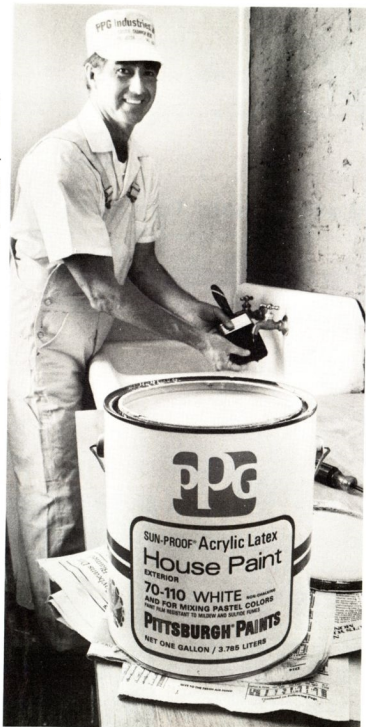
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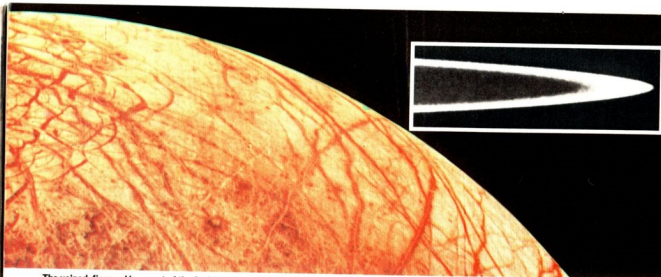
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The veined, fissured icy crust of the Jovian moon Europa as seen by Voyager 2; Inset: a view of Jupiter's glowing ring

Science

It's the Robots' Turn, by Jove!

Surprises from a second look at Jupiter and its moons

Of late, NASA has had little to gloat about. While Skylab showered down on Australia and the surrounding sea last week, the space shuttle was still in Florida, months behind launch schedule. Meanwhile, high above the earth, two orbiting Soviet cosmonauts headed toward a new record (140 days) for living in space. Normally, all this would have cast a pall over this week's celebrations of the tenth anniversary of the first lunar landing. But beleaguered space agency officials could take pride in one spectacular performance: that of their wide-ranging robots, which are scattered over much of the solar system and are turning 1979 into the year of the planets.

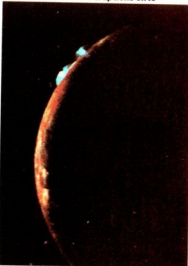
Last winter Venus was explored by two Pioneer spacecraft: one a radar-equipped orbiter still spewing data, the other a multiple probe that dropped five instrument packages into the Venusian atmosphere. Among the findings: the neighboring planet has an extraordinary five-layered cloud cover, is riddled by continuous lightning bolts and scarred by a rift valley and mountain peak more grandiose than any on earth, and has totally unexpected abundances of primordial neon and argon. Their presence suggests new ideas about the nature of the great cloud of gases and dust from which the sun and planets were born.

In March another unmanned spacecraft called Voyager 1, traveling still farther afield, sped past giant Jupiter and its moons. From half a billion miles away, the computer-controlled robot radioed startlingly clear color pictures of the banded planet and its satellites, including brilliantly hued closeups of the stormy Jovian Great Red Spot that would not look out of

place in a gallery of modern art. It also sent back new data about Jupiter's Jovian radiation fields and found a "hot spot" of plasma, whose temperatures reach 300 million to 400 million degrees C. It even discovered a thin ring of debris around Jupiter, making it the third planet in the solar system (after Saturn and Uranus) known to have such a feature.

Last week another automatic spacecraft named Voyager 2 picked up where its twin left off. Programmed by controllers at Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena to fill in gaps left by the first flyby, Voyager 2 did its closest reconnaissance of the larger Jovian moons on its approach to Jupiter rather than on its way beyond it, as Voyager 1 had done. That gave scientists at J.P.L. a totally different perspective on these little worlds.

Plumes from volcanic eruptions on Io



The latest flood of information from these Jovian satellites would have thoroughly awed the great Italian Scientist Galileo, who discovered them 369 years ago. Moving at speeds approaching 45,000 m.p.h., the 1,800-lb. spacecraft swept by Callisto, the oldest, outermost and apparently smoothest of the Galilean moons. Then it moved on to Ganymede, photographing a tortured, cratered sphere whose cracked and faulted icy crust may indicate moonquakes. It took a closer look at Europa, which revealed an intricate lattice work of veinlike lines that may represent shallow fissures in an icy sea. Finally, Voyager 2 shifted its electronic gaze to Io, the innermost and most spectacular of the Galilean moons. Four months ago, Voyager 1 had spotted eight volcanoes in the midst of eruption, the first time such activity was observed other than on earth. Last week its successor photographed six of the same eruptions, suggesting to the U.S. Geological Survey's Laurence Soderblom that they may "last for several years."

As the robot swept around Jupiter itself, coming within 404,000 miles of the cloud tops, the J.P.L. controllers fired Voyager 2's small thruster engines for 76 minutes, a "slow burn" that changed its speed slightly. Then, after sailing by its next target, Saturn, in August 1981, Voyager 2 will continue on to Uranus, more than 1.6 billion miles from earth. It will reach Uranus 4½ years later, in January 1986. Leaving Jupiter, Voyager took an edge-on look at the planet's ring, which emerged on J.P.L. TV screens as a glowing white neon-like boomerang.

So sure were the scientists of the success of the mission that they were already popping champagne corks before the actual flyby. "Here's to Saturn," toasted University of Arizona Planetary Scientist Bradford A. Smith. Added Physicist Torrance Johnson: "And on to Uranus." ■



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Law

Cameras in the Courtroom

Florida's Bundy case tests the fairness of televising trials

Courtroom drama buffs did not have to settle for Perry Mason reruns last week. In dozens of cities, they could turn on the nightly news and see the high spots of a real trial that was far more bizarre than anything Hollywood has ever put on prime time.

Leading his own defense was Theodore Robert Bundy, the handsome former Boy Scout, "Mr. Up-and-Coming Republican" and model student charged with murdering two coeds at a Florida State University sorority house and suspected of the murders of up to 36 women in four different states. At the Miami courthouse to record and broadcast his trial were the crews of three major networks and some 22 television stations. Last week, when the prosecutor showed the jury photographs of bite marks on the buttocks and breast of a victim's corpse, a TV "pool" cameraman and a still photographer in the first row of the press section took it all in—though they refrained from close-ups, and some stations edited out the more gruesome shots.

Real-life trials are still rare television viewing. In the '50s, every state except Colorado and Texas banned televised trials, and Texas gave up on them in the mid-'60s. But in the past three years, 14 states have opened up their courts to cameras.* The reason: new technology and

changed attitudes have begun to tip the scales in a longstanding debate.

The argument for TV cameras in the courtroom is simple enough: the public ought to be able to see what goes on at a trial. The argument against it is that jurors will be distracted, that witnesses will be intimidated, and that lawyers and judges, particularly elected judges, will grandstand. In short, that defendants will be



Monitoring the trial in the pool TV room at the courthouse

Two members of the jury were blasé enough to fall asleep.

deprived of their right to a fair trial. Foes of televised trials, who include many on the bench and in the bar, also fear that cameras will invade the privacy of defendants and witnesses, especially in rape cases or seamy divorces.

In 1965 the U.S. Supreme Court overturned the fraud conviction of Financier Billie Sol Estes because the carnival-like atmosphere of his televised trial in Texas had deprived him of due process and subjected him to "a form of mental—if not

physical—harassment, resembling a police line-up or the third degree." At the Estes trial, twelve cameramen jostled for position, and bright lights and a tangle of wires and equipment turned the courtroom into a broadcast studio.

The Bundy trial has none of that. New technology has produced cameras that are compact and need no extra light; court rules limit their number and location. Perhaps just as important, people have become accustomed to the pervasiveness of TV. Studies in several states show little evidence that cameras affect jurors or witnesses. At the Bundy trial last week two jurors were blasé enough to fall asleep—on-camera.

The question is rapidly becoming when, not whether, trials should be televised. Most states that now let cameras into the courtroom require the permission of the prosecutor, the defendant and often the witnesses. In several states, like Florida, the press is presumed to have the right to televise trials without permission, though judges can bar cameras if they see a real risk of prejudice. Bundy and his lawyers have repeatedly objected, calling the trial a "media event" and warning of prejudice to jurors in other courts where Bundy must still stand trial. But Miami Judge Edward Cowart was unmoved. He told TIME: "Cameras haven't impacted procedures the way some felt they would. It's better to have photographers in the courtroom than running up and down the halls."

About 20 additional states are now considering whether to give TV cameras a trial run in their courts. As more do, cases are likely to arise that will give the Supreme Court another chance to try to strike a balance between fair trial and free press.

*Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Nevada, New Hampshire, Tennessee, Washington and Wisconsin have accepted the practice. Alaska, Montana, New Jersey, Ohio, Oklahoma and West Virginia are now experimenting.

Milestones

DIED. Minnie Riperton, 30, pop singer and songwriter, best known for the international hit *Lovin' You* (1975); of cancer; in Los Angeles.

DIED. Robert B. Woodward, 62, a Harvard professor for four decades who won the 1965 Nobel Prize for Chemistry for his work in organic synthesis; of a heart attack; in Cambridge, Mass. A child prodigy who experimented in his basement lab at home, Woodward entered M.I.T. at 16, got his B.S. at 19 and Ph.D. at 20. In 1937 he joined the Harvard faculty and in 1944 synthesized the antimalarial drug quinine, a project he had worked on since his teens. He then synthesized cholesterol, cortisone, several antibiotics and chlorophyll and, in 1972, vitamin B-12, at that time the most intricate molecule ever constructed in a laboratory.

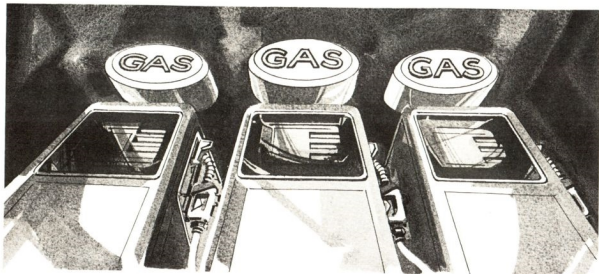
DIED. Michael Wilding, 66, dapper English actor and second husband of Elizabeth Taylor; after a fall in his home; in Chichester, England. His success during the 1940s and '50s in light comedies (*Spring in Park Lane*) brought him to Hollywood, where he married Taylor, 19, and, he said, "watched my career turn to ashes." Divorced after five years and two children, Wilding returned briefly to the London stage before becoming a talent agent.

DIED. Carmine Galante, 69, underworld boss; in a hail of gunfire blasts by ski-masked assassins as he lunched at a restaurant; in Brooklyn, N.Y. (see NATION).

DIED. Cornelia Otis Skinner, 78, gifted monologist, actress and humorist; of a stroke; in New York City. Cornelia was weaned on her actor father's renditions of Shake-

speare, and made her Broadway debut with him in 1921. Too tall and gawky to play ingenues, she built her stage career slowly, tirelessly touring the U.S. heartlands and Britain in monodramas she wrote and staged herself. Her self-deprecating humor and satirical wit found an outlet in light verse and anecdotal magazine pieces, plays and books, the best known of which was her 1942 travelogue, *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*, written with Emily Kimbrough. She was a popular guest on radio, television and the lecture circuit, thanks largely to her flair for the bon mot. Sample: "A woman's virtue is man's greatest invention."

DIED. Arthur Fiedler, 84, beloved maestro of the Boston Pops for a half-century; of a heart attack; in Brookline, Mass. (see MUSIC).



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Living



The formal gardens at Oxon's Blenheim Palace feature ornate fountains and walkways

A Nation of Gardeners

Britain this summer is pretty bloomin' bloomin'

God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures... men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection.

So wrote English Essayist Francis Bacon in 1625. For centuries his countrymen have been doing their best to turn their rocky little island into a facsimile of Eden. England is a nation of gardeners, and at no time has the national green thumb been more visible. The English Tourist Board has declared 1979 "The

Year of the Garden." Three historic floral parks have been restored and opened to the public. And London's Victoria and Albert Museum is offering an exhibition that illustrates the nation's continuing effort to tame nature through art.

The exhibition, titled "The Garden: A Celebration of One Thousand Years of British Gardening," includes architectural plans of medieval and Tudor landscapes, assorted tools of the trade (including the first mechanical lawnmower, a green-and-red contraption patented in 1830), and paintings that preserve the image of estates long since lost to the taxman and the decline of great fortunes. Many of Britain's fine gardens still flourish, however, thanks largely to the conservation efforts of the National Trust, a volunteer organization that administers 100 gardens and some 200 historic buildings. This year, using funds collected from its 816,000 members, from legacies and from small admission fees, the National Trust completed the restoration of three beautiful historic gardens: Ham House, an 18-acre compound on the banks of the Thames on the outskirts of London; Erdig, a 13-acre retreat in North Wales; and Claremont, a 50-acre spread near Esher, 40 minutes from Charing Cross.

The evolution of British gardening from Ham House, the oldest of those restorations, to Claremont, the youngest, is a story of art conquering artifice. Ham House, completed around 1675, is one of those formal, highly decorative gardens popular during the 17th century. Such landscapes were influenced by the fussy Dutch and autocratic French traditions, which attempted to organize nature into geometric perfection. The Ham House gardens are meticulously divided into parterres, groves and banks by avenues.

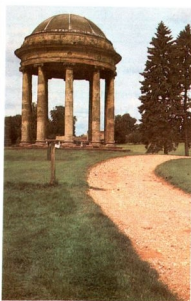
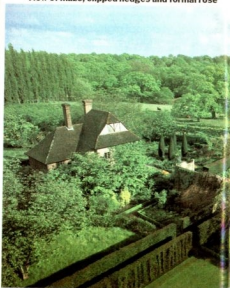


Blenheim's decorative water gardens

Fountains, statues and aviaries suggest the Cartesian excesses of Versailles. Other English formal gardens such as those at Sissinghurst Castle, Blenheim Palace and Henry VIII's Hampton Court featured mazes, topiary animals, tiny canals and ornate fountains.

By the mid-18th century, however, the old classicism was replaced by a new aesthetic. The purpose of art, philosophers and poets of the day argued,

View of maze, clipped hedges and formal rose



The rotunda at Stowe School, Buckingham
Making nature more "natural."



Left: Hampton Court, Greater London. Right: garden in Little Comberton, Worcestershire



Tulip beds at Hampton Court

was not to impose an artificial order on nature, but to reveal, as John Dryden put it, "God's first idea." Mocking such conceits as clipping bushes into the shapes of beasts, Alexander Pope urged that the three arts of poetry, painting and gardening be united. The first to execute Pope's grand vision successfully was Architect, Painter and Landscape Artist William Kent, who began work on Claremont around 1725. Nature abhors a straight

line, maintained Kent, as he set about demolishing walls and ploughing parterres. The result: an elegant wilderness that resembled a painting by Claude Lorraine. Claremont gives the appearance of an untouched landscape complete with grassy knolls and an irregular lake.

Kent's garden at Claremont was refined by Lancelot Brown, a royal gardener who was known as "Capability" for his habit of looking at a site and declaring that it had capabilities. His was a romantic vision, sweeping away the last vestiges of formalism in broad pictorial vistas of lawn, woods and streams. In his work, Continental influences were finally replaced by a kind of landscaping thoroughly in harmony with the damp English climate and the contour of the land.

Other gardeners took the back-to-nature bent of Kent and Brown one step further. To fulfill the romantic fantasies of their patrons, they attempted to make nature look even more "natural" by use of simulated rock outcroppings, false ruins and crumbling bridges. They disguised gatehouses as Gothic chapels and tool sheds as moss-covered battlements. Lord Cobham, a disaffected official who left Robert Walpole's government in 1733, determined to make an allegorical statement in his garden and persuaded his architect to build a ruined Temple of Modern Virtue amidst his flower beds. During the mid-18th century, another landowner, Charles Hamilton, tried to turn his estate into a scene from a painting: he hired an aged man to inhabit his fake hermitage. (The would-be recluse resigned after three weeks.)

Only the very wealthy could carry on gardening on such a grand scale, of course; the vast majority of British gardens today are no larger than one-tenth of an acre. Through the National Gardens Scheme, a plan started in 1927 to raise money for charity, 1,250 private gardens are now open to the public. The owner

may be a duchess in Mayfair or a police sergeant in Clapham; the garden, big as a country club or small as a driveway.

A tidy example is the backyard of William Thackeray's great-granddaughter, Belinda Norman-Butler, in London's Kensington section. It is a cozy 20 yds. by 10 yds. Little more than bare dirt when the Butlers bought the house shortly after World War II, the garden now blooms with some 300 varieties of flowers, shrubs and trees. Other amateur gardeners stop by to ask for cuttings and to trade notes on lush hybrid ivy. Such a bower well fulfills that dream of true Englishmen expressed in 1664 by Poet Abraham Cowley: "I never had any other desire so strong ... as that I might be master at last of a small house and a large garden."

garden at Sissinghurst Castle in Kent



The lake at Claremont, Surrey
Sweeping away formalism.

Cinema

Stuffy Nonsense

DRACULA

Directed by John Badham
Screenplay by W.D. Richter

This is the expensive *Dracula* that the gang at Hammer films must have dreamed of making back in the '50s and '60s. The legend had fallen out of general favor back then, and only B-picture makers and their fans still cared about the ineffable Transylvanian count and the strange folkloristic ways of fighting off his baleful influence (garlic on the window-sills, stakes through the heart, that sort of nonsense). Like those old programmers, the new *Dracula* is shot in the high gothic-romantic tradition, lushly scored and terribly serious about itself and its

subject matter. It is also, like the old Hammers, quite overt—if a trifle too discreetly so—in making the connection between Dracula's blood lust and other, more conventional forms of eroticism. This time round there is plenty of money to do a handsome production, to hire first-class actors and use sophisticated special effects (the stuffed bat on a wire was always the curse of the genre efforts).

Some of those old el cheapo pictures were, in the last analysis, more entertaining than this rather too impeccable film. There was about the best of them a crazy energy—part libidinal, part desperately inventive, as their makers sought to keep belief alive despite the strictures of the budget. And mind, this leaves aside discussion of higher levels of creativity that have occasionally been placed in *Dracula*'s service: the stylish camp of the 1977 Broadway production, from which this film has borrowed Frank Langella for the title role, only to tune him down; or the wonderful expressionistic grotesqueries of that marvelous silent, *Nosferatu*.

One reason *Dracula* remains forever undead is that no amount of cinematic miscalculation can entirely loosen his grip on our imaginations. Now he has proved that even an excess of good taste cannot entirely ground him. Not permitted to parody romantic menace as he was able to do on the stage, Langella shows himself capable of playing it straight and slightly melancholic. Kate Nelligan, as Lucy, the young woman who enralls him and is herself enthralled, is superbly spirited. In the film's early scenes, she plays the part as a liberated lady, turn-of-the-century variety. Once *Dracula* has begun to work his will on her, she becomes a resourceful woman fighting boldly for her forbidden love. Laurence Olivier contributes another of his shrewd Germanic foxes to the proceedings as Van

Helsing. *Dracula*'s scholarly nemesis, though both he and Donald Pleasence, Lucy's doctor father, occasionally look as if they would have liked to cut loose a little but were not allowed.

Even the work of the director, John Badham, has a slightly restive air, as if he would like to unleash some of the drive and sexual energy that marked his work in *Saturday Night Fever*. He is technically very competent: there is a smooth, professional quality to every shot. But since the script and the entire design of the production are aimed at stressing the romantic at the expense of the passionate and obsessive elements in this tale, he gets to do only the odd clutched-hand scare shot and a few nicely staged chases. There is evidence—a dinner *Dracula* gives Lucy that is lit by thousands of candles, for example—that he is capable of much stronger mood and atmosphere. But it is as if someone decreed that this was to be a *Dracula* for adults, forgetting that the story has always been for adults regressing to adolescence, with its hopeless loves and wild fantasies. There is no point in retelling this tale if you are going to be stuffy about it.

—Richard Schickel

Showing Off

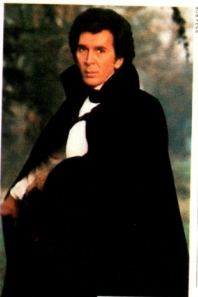
THE WANDERERS

Directed by Philip Kaufman
Screenplay by Rose Kaufman
and Philip Kaufman

The *Wanderers* is not just another urban gang movie: it is a little of every big, prominent gang movie made during the past two decades. Bits and pieces of this volatile film recall *Clockwork Orange*, *Mean Streets*, *The Warriors* and even *West Side Story*. Though the conflicting parts never mesh into a coherent whole, *The Wanderers* is always worth watching. It contains more surprises than a walking tour of Times Square at 3 in the morning: you never know whether the intense activity will explode into violence, scatological humor or even sentimentality.

The film takes place in the North Bronx of 1963—a no man's land pockmarked by dilapidated apartment developments. The characters are the Italian American high school kids who belong to the *Wanderers*, a gang that is forever rumbling with black and Chinese rivals as well as with a grotesque bunch named the *Fordham Baldies*, led by the enormous Erlend van Lidth de Jeude. Between the skirmishes, the movie charts typical teenage rituals. Even the *Wanderers* must cope, in their own semiverbal way, with parents, love, sex and the prospect of leaving home.

Working with an evocative period rock score and Michael Chapman's moody cinematography, Director Philip Kaufman brings off some colorfully over-



NOVELA



As *Dracula*, Frank Langella broods; Donald Pleasence and Laurence Olivier disinter a victim



First footprint on the moon. From an ektachrome by Neil A. Armstrong. NASA

We need to make new footprints.

It was 10:56 p.m. on July 20, 1969, when man stepped down into the dust on the moon. Later that day he planted our flag in a salute to that historic event and to the economic system which had made it possible. That moon landing had taken our government, working with industry, nearly a decade and 20 billion dollars. And its rewards were not left on the moon.

The scientific benefits came back to earth. They came back through satellites that tell us about existing pollution, impending floods and

needed irrigation. That tell us where to look for oil, minerals, underground water and earthquake-prone faults. Where the shrimp are, and where the moths are eating trees. Today, a satellite sends us earth resources photographs every 25 seconds that would cost \$100,000 each if we did not have our space program.

We gained cryogenic knowledge in preparing for that landing on the moon. We also gained knowledge about fuels and insulation and electronics and medicine. It's been said that every major facet of life on our

earth today was improved by the developments which put us on the moon that day.

It took a great country to make that footprint on the moon. A country whose free market system encourages its companies to reinvest their earnings in technology for the future. At Alcoa®, we thought that our astronauts, as they gamboled upon the moon, symbolized the spirit of our system.

Join us now, ten years later, as we salute that spirit.

We can't wait for tomorrow.

 **ALCOA**

Cinema

heated scenes: a vicious free-for-all on a football field, an erotic strip-poker game at a make-out party, a racial confrontation in a classroom. Sometimes the tension is flecked with humor. When the chief Wanderer (Ken Wahl) and his nebby sidekick (John Friedrich) get particularly horny, they go to hilariously elaborate lengths to press the flesh of neighborhood women. The laughs are crude, but in character.

The Wanderers' most vivid incidents come from its source, Richard Price's tough, anecdotal novel of the same title. When Kaufman strays from the book, he gets into trouble. The female characters (well played by Karen Allen and Linda Manz) are blurred into ambiguity, seemingly to create an idle air of mystery. By adding portentous references to the Kennedy assassination and the rise of Bob Dylan, Kaufman adds a little gratuitous sociology. The occasional stylization of the movie's violence is equally jarring: the gang members are at times so shrouded by theatrical smoke and shadow that they start to look like the pod people in Kaufman's *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*.

Certainly a film maker is entitled to alter a novel's text, but here both the choices and the motives are somewhat spurious. By grafting stylistic affectations onto an otherwise naturalistic movie, Kaufman blunts the raw power that is *The Wanderers'* greatest asset. Like his characters, he would have fared far better if he had stopped showing off and practiced a little self-control.

—Frank Rich



Manz and De Jude in *The Wanderers*

Theatrical smoke and shadow.



In May, Arthur Fiedler led the orchestra in his 50th season as conductor of the Boston Pops

Music

Mr. Pops

Arthur Fiedler (1894-1979)

He brought serious music to millions of Americans. A snowy-haired, white-mustachioed figure, he would walk briskly onstage and lead his Boston Pops Orchestra in a program of show tunes and classics. His philosophy was simple and insouciant: "My aim has been to give audiences a good time. I'd have trained seals if people wanted them." That was one of Fiedler's exaggerations, though he was not above appearing on a record jacket dressed as Santa Claus or as a jaunty Yankee Doodle dandy. Such clowning caused some highbrows to sneer. But to Boston audiences and those he visited around the country, Arthur Fiedler was Mr. Pops, the maestro of the masses.

Fiedler's conducting was straightforward and businesslike, a matter of careful reading of a score rather than impassioned urgency. Says Assistant Pops Conductor Harry Ellis Dickson: "He was a very unsentimental sort of guy, and it showed in the music." Yet Fiedler made himself into a national phenomenon. The best-known "serious" musician in America, he was also the bestselling classical artist of all time (over 50 million records). His "Evening at Pops" programs were consistently among the top-rated PBS shows, and one of the high points of America's Bicentennial was a thunderous performance of Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture*, conducted by an exuberant Fiedler before 400,000 wildly cheering enthusiasts.

Fiedler seemed destined to be a musician. His grandsires were musicians in Europe (Fiedler is German for fiddler), and his father, two uncles and a first cousin

were all members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Fiedler joined the orchestra in 1915 as a violinist. Eager to conduct, the suave young maestro founded a series of free outdoor Esplanade concerts that are now a Boston tradition. In 1930 he was named conductor of the Boston Pops, the symphony's spring series, and proudly held that position for half a century.

Gradually the Fiedler formula evolved: liting semiclasses, what he called gundrops, or popular tunes, and some serious music: Stravinsky, Handel, concertos. The idea spread to other symphonies, but Fiedler's popularity was patented. Critics called his concerts "the classiest jukebox in the world." Retorted Fiedler: "A Strauss waltz is as good a thing of its kind as a Beethoven symphony. It's nice to eat a good hunk of beef but you want a light dessert too. That's what the Pops is." He had an uncanny ability to gauge the tastes of the times. He orchestrated the Beatles' sound before public taste canonized the group.

Fiedler would not tolerate substandard playing. Once, to punish his musicians for an unruly session, he made them rehearse a three-minute mambo for 70 minutes. Well into his 80s, even after several heart attacks, he continued to lead the orchestra. "If I retired, I'd just be hanging around waiting to go to the dentist or doctor or undertaker," he said. Toward the end, the proud old man would shuffle unsteadily to the podium. But then, invigorated by the music, he seemed to shed 20 years. When Fiedler died last week, Boston lost one of its best-known monuments. "I am cursed that wherever I'm engaged they want a program like the Pops," Fiedler once said. "But every clown wants to play Hamlet." He never did play Hamlet, but he was a peerless Puck.

AFTER 25 YEARS... ARE WE CLOSER TO THE DREAM?



— On May 17, 1954, the Supreme Court handed down a historic decision—once and for all banning segregation in public schools. To many, it seemed a giant step toward fulfilling a long-delayed dream of making ours truly a land of equal opportunity for all.

— What has happened in the 25 years since that landmark ruling? How much closer is America to equality for blacks—not only in education, but in jobs, in housing and in political power?

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**CBS REPORTS:
BLACKS IN AMERICA—WITH ALL DELIBERATE SPEED?**

PART I TUESDAY, JULY 24 8PM (EDST)

PART II WEDNESDAY, JULY 25 8PM (EDST)

CBS NEWS

Behavior

Sex in the Kremlin's Shadow

The Revolution has not yet reached as far as the bedroom

A despondent husband wonders why his wife fails to respond to him during lovemaking. To his genuine astonishment, he learns from a physician that he was not accomplishing much of anything by stimulating his wife's navel. The naive husband may sound like a caricature concocted at a sex therapists' meeting, but for Mikhail Stern, a dissident Soviet physician now living in France, the story is poignantly symptomatic of the woeful sexual lives of most Soviet citizens.

Though the Kremlin is energetic about publishing statistics on many aspects of Soviet life, one vital area remains terra incognita. The Communist

more than 30 years this Soviet Kinsey was a practicing endocrinologist at a clinic in Vinnitsa, near the Ukrainian city of Kiev, where his patients called upon him for advice on sexual problems.

Such counseling was badly needed. Repression and prudishness have long been a sad fact of Russian life. Long before the Communists, songs and folklore told of heroines suffering at the hands of men, and mothers have traditionally told their daughters, "If he doesn't beat you, he doesn't love you." Indeed, says Stern, sadomasochism and drink often rule the male-female relationship. He writes: "Violence, alcoholism, and sex form an ex-

book boasts that 100% of Soviet men reach orgasm. In fact, says Stern, the men he treated were preoccupied with their manhood. Some complained to him of shrinking or insufficiently large penises. To ease these fears, he often prescribed vitamins—a placebo that some patients believed enhanced size.

When Soviet couples do make love, says Stern, the union too often is quick, mechanical, riddled with shame and obviously unsatisfying. He writes: "The typical sex act is best done in the dark of night, under the bedclothes, and with the eyes closed." Foreplay, he says, is virtually unheard of. Typically, the female assumes what the Russians call the crayfish position with head and knees touching the bed. Her partner penetrates from the rear, and usually dismounts quickly.

To Soviet men, holding back an ejaculation to satisfy the woman is considered an immoral act with grave physical and psychological consequences. As a result, says Stern, orgasm is "an almost exclusively masculine privilege." Says Stern, "Unaware that the woman possesses any erogenous zones, the man usually imagines that as soon as his penis penetrates her vagina, the woman will be overcome with joy."

Except for prostitution, which continues to flourish in spite of official efforts to wipe it out, the Soviets have no stomach for "deviant" behavior. Pornography is rare. Oral sex is usually performed only with prostitutes (out of male fears of venereal disease). Popular scorn of homosexuality is so intense that it is "simply passed over in silence."

Amid all the restraint, exhibitionism seems a common phenomenon. Stern tells of a group of Muscovite women who regularly compare how many flasers they have encountered in a day; one reported eight. More startling is the Soviet predilection for anonymous sex in such public places as crowded subways and buses. As Stern points out, this requires some gymnastic ability and an adherence to certain unwritten rules: when one man tried to strike up a postcoital acquaintance, the woman turned on him in fury and accused him of "gross immorality."

Some efforts seem to be under way to break away from the stifling past. There is, for instance, a fledgling underground pornographic press called *sexizdat* (after the *samizdat* underground literary movement). Stern also reveals that daring protesters have been dropping pornographic doodles into ballot boxes. Yet in spite of such pathetic signs of rebellion, Stern does not see enlightenment any time soon. Indeed, he fears that sex may become increasingly cold, cynical and impersonal in the U.S.S.R. All of which underscores his basic message: that the Revolution stopped at the bedroom door.



leadership regards sex as virtually nonexistent, except to raise the birth rate; whatever figures exist are guarded as closely as the real statistics on defense spending. Stern, who left the U.S.S.R. in 1977, has now lifted that curtain slightly. In a book published in France, *La vie sexuelle en U.R.S.S. (Sex in the Soviet Union)*, which is to be brought out in the U.S. next spring by Times Books, he offers the most comprehensive description yet of sexual mores in the U.S.S.R.

It is not a picture that one would think of titling *The Joy of Sex*. Deprived of opportunities for intimacy because of overcrowded housing, overwhelmed by long entrenched sexual myths, and ruled by a government that seems to deny the very idea of a sex life, most Soviet citizens, says Stern, lead lives of "sexual misery." For

plosive cocktail, making the line between 'normal life' and criminal pathology extremely fine."

Many women are so physically scarred that they lose interest in sex. While official Soviet statistics say that only 18% of Russian women are frigid, Stern is convinced by his researches that the figure is closer to 45%. Nor is much help available for these women; sex therapy clinics are nonexistent. Women must turn to sympathetic doctors like Stern or to one or two available government manuals that are about as informative as the hygiene texts once used in U.S. junior high schools. One 1974 Soviet sex guide, for example, recommends mineral water douches and vacations in warm climates as cures for frigidity.

The party line on male sexuality is no more convincing. The 1974 sex hand-

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Books

Scientist Frankenstein (Colin Clive) faces his monster (Boris Karloff) in a scene from Universal's 1931 film version of *Frankenstein*

The Man-Made Monster

THE ENDURANCE OF "FRANKENSTEIN" Edited by George Levine and U.C. Knoepfmacher; University of California; 341 pages; \$16.95

Of all the imaginary monsters that have lurched forth in the past two centuries, none has frightened more people more often than the one sparked into life by the idealistic scientist Victor Frankenstein. Dracula retains his bite, to be sure, and has flapped into current vogue on stage and screen. But the overtones of the thirsty count's exploits are chiefly sexual, leading to titillation rather than thought. That is not true of Frankenstein's man-made man-monster. He troubles the mind because he is a projection of the mind, a soaring ambition shockingly embodied in flesh. Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* (1818) appeared well before Freud, well before the technologies of organ transplants and genetic tinkering that make the laboratory creation of life ever more plausible. Yet the young author, only 19 when she began her tale, guessed a horrible possibility that increasingly haunts the modern mind. It is not just the sleep of reason that brings forth monsters; reason working at its loftiest pitch can do the same job just as well.

Such speculation may seem lugubrious to those who know the monster only through Boris Karloff's film impersonations or through such burlesques as the TV sitcom *The Munsters* and Mel Brooks' *Young Frankenstein*. As this collection of twelve essays suggests, though, Mary Shel-

Excerpt

“Most of us first became acquainted with Frankenstein and his terrifying creation not through the pages of Mary Shelley's 1818 novel but through our childhood Saturday afternoons at the movies... By the time we read the novel the images from various films are so firmly imprinted on our minds that it is almost impossible not to filter the events and images of the book through the more familiar ones of the films. We are apt to distort the novel to fit a familiar mold, miss what is fresh or unfamiliar in it...

Even in their worst moments, for example, the classic Frankenstein films were never so rhetorical and loftily mannered as the language of the novel. And familiar settings, characters, and actions are missing. Where is Frankenstein's marvelous laboratory? What has happened to the big creation scene? ... Where are Fritz and Ygor and Doctor Praetorius? And Maria, the little girl drowned in the lake?”

ley's novel is a surprisingly open-ended source of disturbing, even terrifying implications. Its awkwardness and philosophical uncertainties mark *Frankenstein* as the first and most powerful modern myth, not a pure Jungian river flowing through the collective unconscious but a polluted industrial spillway.

Biography alone can never explain leaps of imagination, but the facts of Mary Shelley's life do point toward the direction she took. She was the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft, an author and pioneering feminist who died of a retained placenta eleven days after little Mary's birth in 1797. Her father was William Godwin, a novelist and utopian planner. Despite his free-living principles, Godwin acted outraged as any bourgeois papa when Mary, then 16, ran off with Poet Percy Bysshe Shelley. In Percy, the impressionable Mary found a dreamer like her father, but several times larger than life. She absorbed much of his apocalyptic optimism and encyclopedic learning. She also took time to ponder the casualties that Shelley's blithe spirit left in its wake. In the year before she began *Frankenstein*, she bore Shelley a daughter who lived less than two weeks. She confided a heart-breaking vision to her journal: "Dream that my little baby came to life again, that it had only been cold, and that we rubbed it before the fire, and it lived. Awake and find no baby. I think about the little thing all day." Not long after Mary started her novel, Shelley's abandoned first wife Harriet committed suicide.

So the motherless child grew up to be-

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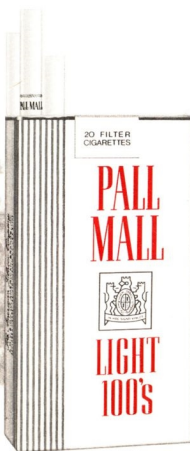
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Books

come, at first, the childless mother. What Mary knew of idealism and birth was darkened by what she had learned, painfully and young, of despair and death. In the clearest, most succinct essay in *The Endurance of "Frankenstein"*, Critic Ellen Moers points out that Mary was one of the few women authors until recent times who wrote and published successfully during the same years that they were having babies. Mary's pregnancies, Moers notes, "record a horror story of maternity of the kind that literary biography does not provide again until Sylvia Plath." Small wonder that in her tale Mary projected the ordeal of birth onto a man, who must build a "workshop of filthy creation" to realize his goal.

Yet *Frankenstein* is not simply a woman's revenge. It is not, in fact, simply any one thing. Beneath its rhetorical, overwritten surface, the novel moves as fitfully as a dream, allowing as many interpretations as there are willing interpreters. The classic Karloff films take only part of the story and twist that as well. Karloff's monster is stiff-jointed and barely verbal; Mary Shelley's monster is quick on his feet and can speak like a Romantic poet on an off night: "I will glut the maw of death until it be satiated with the blood of your remaining friends." Similarly, most popular dramatizations of the novel have singled out the Faustian side of Frankenstein's quest: the monster is his punishment for seeking too much power. Mary's version is less moralistic and straightforward. Frankenstein may err in creating the monster, but he commits a far greater wrong in repudiating the creature once he brings it to life. The catastrophic failing is not too much ambition but too little compassion.

Even so, those who feel that twelve scholarly essays on *Frankenstein* are eleven too many may be half right. A fascinating subject is nearly buried in sepulchral dithering. True, the essayists are earnest and erudite, and their prose is rarely worse than that required to win the fellowships and respect of academe. But the capital offenses are all here: the preening citations of the obvious: "In the film *The Bride of Frankenstein*, as Albert LaValley reminds us, Elsa Lanchester plays both Mary Shelley and the monstrous bride..."; the fancy notion among professors that authors and characters "articulate" rather than speak; the impossibly pretentious titles ("Vital Artifice: Mary, Percy, and the Psychopolitical Integrity of *Frankenstein*"). Pity the poor parodist when such things are written seriously. Never mind. Mary Shelley's monster lives through such fussy attention, just as he has survived all the murderous, torchbearing hordes of ignorant villagers in the movies. *The Endurance of "Frankenstein"* may be a collection of inert parts, but its theme makes it worth the attention of any reader who is ready to provide a spark.

—Paul Gray

Kaleidoscope

BLOOMSBURY: A HOUSE OF LIONS

by Leon Edel

Lippincott; 288 pages; \$12.95

Only two kinds of books seem to be published nowadays: those that are about Bloomsbury and those that are not. Every survivor of that glittering artistic and intellectual cabal, every survivor's survivor, has given testimony. Leon Edel is one of our leading literary biographers, the author of the magisterial five-volume *Henry James*. But what can even he add to the existing mountain of data? Only two characteristic Bloomsbury virtues: form and sensibility.

The "Bloomsberries," as they were dubbed, were born into well-connected families and came of age during Eng-



Virginia Woolf

A dance of buried incestuous feelings.

land's long Edwardian afternoon. Most of them met at Cambridge, then gravitated to the squares of London's Bloomsbury district. Although their communal spirit was strong, their gossipy, party-filled life was a kaleidoscope of shifting alliances—esthetic, social and sexual. At one point Biographer Lytton Strachey wrote to Economist Maynard Keynes of his "adoration" for Painter Duncan Grant, little knowing that Keynes would soon make Grant his lover. Grant later lived with Painter Vanessa Bell, when she bore their child, the happy event was cheered not only by Keynes but by Vanessa's absentee husband, Art Critic Clive Bell, and her former lover, Critic-Painter Roger Fry.

Edel uses a novelist's skill to keep all this straight—if straight is the word. Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*, he notes, was written "in a new kind of ink—the ink of Vienna, of Sigmund Freud." Edel's portrait of Virginia Woolf includes a powerful analysis of the roots of her art and madness. She was haunted by deaths in

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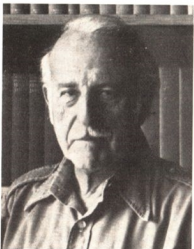
Books

Oscarette

Publishers plan awards

her family (symbolized by a horrible animal face that once appeared when she looked in a mirror) and sexually traumatized by her half-brothers' childhood groping. At the same time, her identification with her dead father and brother, and her rivalry with her sister Vanessa, alternately undermined and reinforced her will to live. This was "the circular dance of Virginia's buried incestuous feelings." In such passages Edel neither simplifies nor obfuscates. He has that rarest of traits among psychological interpreters: tact.

Ultimately, this is less the biography of people than the fever chart of an ideal. The Bloomsberries aspired to a spiritual bohemianism that would throw off Victorian customs and morals. They shaded 19th century liberalism into a reformers' zeal for the good, the beautiful and the outspoken. In literature they them-



Leon Edel

A horror of little swarming selves.

selves with the experimental; in art they coined the term post-impressionist and introduced the English public to Cézanne, Van Gogh, Matisse and Picasso.

Yet the Bloomsberries' influence in publishing, journalism and the arts struck some observers as malign, a means of thwarting outsiders and puffing their own productions. In sanctifying personal relations and sexual freedom, they risked seeming ingrown and self-indulgent. D.H. Lawrence likened them to beetles, a "horror of little swarming selves."

Edel raises these criticisms mainly in order to sweep them aside. His valuable summary is designed not to debunk Bloomsbury but to celebrate it. Its gifted members, he argues, were essentially rational and humane people whose work ethic was as highly developed as their pleasure principle. Whatever their snoberies or follies, they never stopped writing or painting. The secret of Bloomsbury, imbibed at Cambridge, was that "they learned not to have lazy minds. They were not afraid."

— Christopher Porterfield

Although nearly all of the men and women on the American Book Awards committee are New York-based executives, their program sounds like something concocted at the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel. In a nine-page memo informing its members of the new awards, the A.A.P. proposal committee said that once winners have been chosen, "they will be announced at an awards ceremony that is envisioned as a gala evening of entertainment, a celebration for the industry, and a news event for the media." Following their flashier big brothers and sisters in the movie business, the A.A.P. has established an "academy." Organizations suggested for membership include not only hardback and paperback publishers but associations representing book-store owners, jobbers, publicists, advertisers, librarians and, finally, authors and critics.

Nominating and balloting procedures appear to have more in common with political conventions than with literary panels. Independent committees from various parts of the business will select book candidates. The academy will distribute about 2,000 voting rights throughout the A.A.P. membership. In general, the bigger the company, the more votes it will be able to cast. Categories are not only confined to such elite fare as poetry and belles lettres. New subjects include such mass-market items as religion and inspiration, self-help, cooking, crafts, gothic romances, historical novels, fantasy, science fiction, mysteries and westerns.

Publishers, many of whom have been taken over by entertainment conglomerates, should be pleased by these new arrangements. For years, officials in the book business complained that the National Book Awards refused to acknowledge the growth of popular reading habits. In 1971, for example, N.B.A. judges angered sponsoring publishers by rejecting Erich Segal's *Love Story* as too lightweight for consideration.

The American Book Awards cannot ignore serious writing. But as in a children's summer camp, there will be a prize for nearly everyone. In addition to the standard awards for the best novel and verse, there will be recognition for jacket

designs and paperback covers. To reduce further the chance of disappointment, the academy assures its sponsors that a book that does not win in hardback will be eligible to compete in paperback categories the following year.

Estimated budget for this extravaganza of self-hype is \$460,000, which includes start-up costs, staff, publicity, hall rent and partying. There is no specific allocation for authors who would rather take the money and write. The first Bookies are scheduled to be presented in the spring of 1980, when an appropriately distinguished M.C. suspensefully requests, "The dust jacket, please."

Editors' Choice

FICTION: A Bend in the River, *V.S. Naipaul* • Mirabell: Books of Number, *Brian Merril* • Sleepless Nights, *Elizabeth Hardwick* • Sophie's Choice, *William Styron* • Testimony and Demeanor, *John Casey* • The Living End, *Stanley Elkin* • Wild Oats, *Jacob Epstein*

NONFICTION: Bay of Pigs, *Peter Wyden* • Billy Graham, *Marshall Frady* • Blood of Spain, *Ronald Fraser* • Confession and Avoidance, *Leon Jaworski* • The Medusa and the Snail, *Lewis Thomas* • The Powers That Be, *David Halberstam* • To Set the Record Straight, *John J. Sirica*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Matarese Circle, *Ludlum* (1 last week)
2. The Third World War, *Hackett*, et al. (2)
3. Sophie's Choice, *Styron* (4)
4. War and Remembrance, *Wouk* (5)
5. Shibumi, *Trevanian* (6)
6. The Island, *Benchley* (3)
7. Good as Gold, *Heller* (9)
8. Chesapeake, *Michener* (7)
9. Class Reunion, *Jaffe*
10. Sphinx, *Cook*

NONFICTION

1. The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet, *Tarnower & Baker* (1)
2. Cruel Shoes, *Martin* (3)
3. The Powers That Be, *Halberstam* (2)
4. The Pritikin Program for Diet and Exercise, *Pritikin with McGrady* (4)
5. The Bronx Zoo, *Lyle & Goldenbock* (5)
6. How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years, *Ruff* (6)
7. The Medusa and the Snail, *Thomas* (7)
8. The White Album, *Didion*
9. To Set the Record Straight, *Sirica* (10)
10. Lauren Bacall by Myself, *Bacall* (8)

Theater

Summer Fair

Manhattan on the aisle

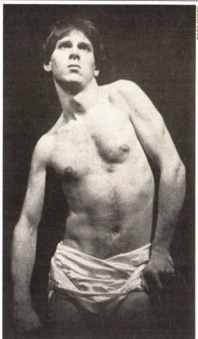
New York thrives between the pit and the pendulum. Theater attendance is up and so is the number of tourists who come to the megalopolis. This gas-shy summer will be no exception. Herewith, in alphabetical order, a ten-best list of attractions on and off Broadway well worth the high price of admission. Mind you, taste is a priceless democratic choice, and there are other shows that will reward a visit.

A Chorus Line. Prior to this musical, dancers were a brigade of legs locked in animated unity. They have been as anonymous as gypsies, the theatrical term by which they are popularly known. This show probes their origins, their hopes, their dreams, their triumphs and why dancing was in the souls of their feet.

Buried Child. Of all younger U.S. playwrights, Sam Shepard is the ablest, a man whose work not only attests to his comedic talents but also bears the imprint of the home of the brave and the land of the free, and indicates why that country today sometimes seems to be neither brave nor free.

"Da." Parents are the crucible of our lives. The coffin never confines them. They stalk our memories, govern almost all of our acts and can never be exorcised, will it as we may. Da, meaning dad, is what this salty Irish play is all about, and in the title role, Barnard Hughes is formidable and irresistibly jocund.

Father's Day. Maybe the title should be Divorcee's Day. Three highly articulate women (Tammy Grimes, Susan Tyrrell, Mary Beth Hurt) who have been ditched by their husbands indulge in distinctly inflammatory remarks about the male as s.o.b. Alternating between poi-



Philip Anglim in *The Elephant Man*

Grotesque in shape but saintly in spirit.

gnance and dippy mirth, this drama takes a 20/20 look at divorce, U.S. style.

Getting Out. This is a tale of an orphan of despair, released from jail but not from the cage of her younger mutinous self. Balanced between torment and valiance, Susan Kingsley, an actress of kinetic authority, exemplifies what Archibald MacLeish once said of poetry: "A poem should not mean but be."

Sweeney Todd. Not for the squeamish, since it is about cutting people's throats, baking the fresh cadavers without delay and serving them up as meat

pies. With Angela Lansbury and Len Cariou in peak performances, *Sweeney Todd* is a classic example of the remarkable virtuosity and range of the U.S. musical when it is in the hands of two flamboyant masters of the stage, Director Harold Prince and Composer-Lyricist Stephen Sondheim. It is also the closest Sondheim has come to writing an opera, albeit dark, cynical and morbid in hue.

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas. No one who is out for an evening of fun will have a better time on all of Broadway. Racy in language but bawdily innocent, the show is a treat in book, song and dance, and the choicest treat of all is Henderson Forsythe as the sheriff and Carlin Glynn as the madam.

The Elephant Man. Winner of both the New York Drama Critics Circle and Tony awards, this drama about a man (Philip Anglim) grotesque in shape but almost saintly in spirit is the kind of theatrical experience that opens a window on the high cost, strange mystery and ineffable blessing of human life.

They're Playing Our Song. Ego is not a show-biz put-on. It is essential armor. Everyone in the theater lives within the lethal limits of a terrific hit or a castratory flop. To get to the top is a demanding task; to stay at the top is a grueling ordeal. Nobody knows more about that than Neil Simon, or deals with it with such consistent comic verve.

Whose Life Is It Anyway? The strangest objects in New York theaters this season are plays that might be labeled terminal comedy cases. They highlight people who defend with their wit and ironic quips the right to die. This is the best of those plays, and Tom Conti, paralyzed from the neck down, is the most attractive antihero in that we root for his decision to die and mourn the imminent loss of a vitally amusing friend at the same time.

—T.E. Kalem

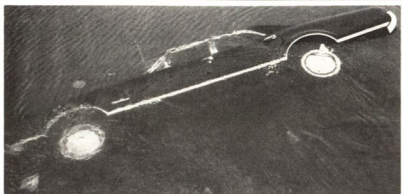


Forsythe and Glynn in *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*



Angela Lansbury and Len Cariou in *Sweeney Todd*

Press



The car driven by Ted Kennedy submerged in water the morning after Chappaquiddick

Covering Teddy

Asking the question again

On a visit to Boston, Senator Ted Kennedy was cornered by a local television reporter. With mike in hand, she dutifully asked the question, and Kennedy coolly responded with the answer. Yes, he had every expectation that President Carter would be renominated, he said, and yes, he fully intended to support him. The reporter was disappointed. "I've heard that answer before," she grouched off-camera. "Oh, uh, that's all right," smiled Kennedy. "I, uh, I've heard the question before too."

So he has. And, as Reporter James Wooten points out in a recent cover story in the Washington *Post* magazine recalling that unsuccessful interrogation, both the question and the Senator's coy answer will be analyzed countless more times. The punditry should reach a crest this week as journalists almost everywhere take yet another look at Kennedy and his intentions. The reason for the outpouring: it will be exactly ten years since a car driven by Kennedy plunged off the bridge at Chappaquiddick, next to Martha's Vineyard, and a young female aide drowned.

On the eve of the anniversary, all three networks were preparing Kennedy stories, as were the two major wire services, the *New York Times*, the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, the *Gannett* newspapers and many others. The *New York Post* got a head start with a turgid, unrevealing nine-part series. In the past few months he has been on the covers of *Newsweek* twice, the *New York Times* magazine, *Look*, *PEOPLE*, the *Washingtonian*, the *Boston Globe* magazine. With Jimmy Carter getting the worst press of his presidency, Kennedy's "coquettish noncandidacy," as

one writer called it, has become the hottest political story around.

It may also be the toughest, since it raises basic questions about fairness, privacy and the press's role in the political process. Asks M.I.T.-based Media Critic Edwin Diamond: "Why does the press go along with him? Why not take him at his word and forget about it?" Some apparently agree, and are beginning to hit the brakes on covering every Kennedy tease. Says Executive Producer Av Westin of ABC's *World News*: "We don't want to end up giving him a free campaign ride."

Kennedy, to be sure, generates plenty of copy with his energetic Senate activities. But at times it almost seems as if the press wants to build up Kennedy as a presidential prospect because that would make covering the nominating process far more interesting. Says Washington *Post* Ombudsman Charles Seib: "If there isn't a fight, we'll make one."

Many reporters are sensitive to suggestions that they are not tough enough on Kennedy. But it is no easier for journalists to get angry with Teddy than it was for them to get angry with Brothers Jack and Bobby. Explains James Weighart, Washington bureau chief for the *New York Daily News*: "He's such a likable guy. He's responsive... You smoke cigars together. You kid together."

When journalists try to catch Kennedy off base on specific issues, notes *Esquire* National Editor Richard Reeves, he "can be creatively incoherent." Elaborates David Broder, the Washington *Post*'s national political columnist: "The front half and back half of his sentences match up less frequently than most politicians'... I think it is a technique for slowing himself down and not saying what he doesn't want to say." Still, considering that the first primary is more than six months away, most



Kennedy explaining in 1969

editors are satisfied with their treatment of Kennedy to date. "I don't believe Baker or Connally or Reagan or any of the others have been subjected to as close scrutiny as Kennedy," says Washington *Post* Executive Editor Benjamin Bradley.

The current batch of magazine pieces has been fairly tough-minded. Chappaquiddick is discussed, as is Kennedy's reputation as a womanizer, his disintegrating marriage, his expulsion from Harvard for cheating. Still, perhaps because readers are inured to his indiscretions, the impact is blunted. His growth as a Senator, his devotion to important national issues, and his overcoming of wrenching sorrow are more likely to create the image of a sympathetic, decisive, if all too human leader.

Precious little new will come out about Chappaquiddick this week. Says Boston *Globe* Editor Thomas Winship: "I think it's silly to get all worked up when everybody is still offering the same old stuff." But investigative zeal would surely return if Kennedy were a candidate. Not waiting, the *New York Times* has assigned a team of reporters to Chappaquiddick and was scheduled to interview Kennedy about it this week.

Other aspects of Kennedy's personal life, especially his troubled relationship with his wife Joan, would also get closer scrutiny if he declared for President. "It will be a different kind of presidential election than any we have seen in years," writes the *New Republic*'s White House watcher, John Osborne. "If Kennedy runs, political reporters will have to move over for gossip writers, psychiatrists and investigative reporters." ■

Doonesburied

Trudeau too tart for Times

What the switchboard operators heard was definitely not mellow-speak. Not laid back either. It was sheer, white-hot anger. The *Los Angeles Times*, San Francisco *Chronicle* and half a dozen other papers had yanked Garry Trudeau's Pulitzer-prizewinning comic strip *Doonesbury*, and thousands of irate devotees wanted to know why.

The answer was simple enough. Satisfying the pop politics of California's Governor Jerry Brown, Trudeau had turned his biting pen on a labor lawyer and Brown contributor, Sidney Korshak, describing him with several harsh characterizations, including "known organized-crime figure." While Korshak is no stranger to criminal investigators, the newspapers felt, as the *Times* put it, that the cartoons were "unfair, irresponsible and unsubstantiated." Callers accused the papers of trying to protect Brown. Said the *Gov*: "I think it is false and libelous, but I'm flattered by the attention." ■

Muckraking Is Sometimes Sordid Work

In ancient days, before Watergate made Woodward and Bernstein household words, investigative reporting meant Drew Pearson. He was, as TIME said then, "the most intensely feared and hated man in Washington." From the '30s to the '60s, scoops in his syndicated column ("Washington Merry-Go-Round") or on his Sunday radio broadcasts became headlines: the Roosevelt court-packing plan, F.D.R.'s destroyers-for-bases swap with Churchill, the Patton soldier-slapping incident, Sherman Adams' vicuña coat and many other tales, worthy and less worthy.

In a new book, *Confessions of a Muckraker* (Random House; \$12.95), the late columnist's protégé and successor, Jack Anderson (writing with James Boyd), acknowledges that Pearson's "success and power rested in large measure in the practiced impugning of others." The book is a lively recall of triumphs that brought down the mighty, but it gains unexpected depth from Anderson's confession of troubled self-doubts. It is no great distortion of the book's message to say that investigative reporting, as its critics and victims have long insisted, often produces sordid victories.

Many of Pearson's methods wouldn't be tolerated today. He really went after people. He taught Anderson to look "first for those personal weaknesses . . . to cherish in an adversary: overweening vanity, bumbling pomposity, addiction to creature comforts, a tendency to alcoholic indiscretion, the heedless pursuit of vengence." Opponents were destroyed not by reasoned argument but by a recital of their peccadilloes, endlessly repeated. When Anderson objected to such "scraps and chaff," his boss replied: "Once you catch one of these birds at anything, and you're sure of your facts, never worry about doing him an injustice by overplaying it. We'll never learn 10% of the evil they do."

What first impelled Pearson to pursue J. Parnell Thomas, head of the House Un-American Affairs Committee? The belief, according to Anderson, that the "Americanism that went in for public inquisitions into the political notions of movie actors was bound to attract the dishonest man, the cheat looking for a patriotic cover." So Pearson learned that Thomas was romancing a young woman in his office; a jealous older secretary's testimony about the Congressman's payroll padding sent Thomas to jail, and a grateful Pearson put her on his own payroll for 15 years. In Pearson's eagerness to defeat Senator Owen Brewster of Maine, whom he thought susceptible to influence peddling, he not only recruited an opposition candidate but also got money for his campaign from Brewster's enemy Howard Hughes. As a crusader, says Anderson, Pearson "had swapped silence on one story to gain access to another, had excused in allies what he pilloried in foes, had cut corners to get there first . . . had on occasion crossed the line into vindictiveness so as to keep the felled foe from getting up."

Perhaps a Quaker idealism, the conviction, as Anderson says, that military people "should regard war as a catastrophe, not an opportunity," helps explain Pearson's unrelenting animus toward Douglas MacArthur, George Patton and James Forrestal. He thought them dangerous men. Back in the '30s MacArthur had sued Pearson for

close to \$2 million. Pearson got out of the libel suit only after turning up a Eurasian chorus girl whom MacArthur had discarded, and agreeing not to publish, for as long as the general lived, his love letters to her. At Eisenhower's request, correspondents had suppressed the Patton soldier-slapping incident; Pearson considered Patton a warrior-authoritarian and in wartime broke the story. Pearson hectoring Forrestal with innuendo and false allegations while he was the nation's first Secretary of Defense; later, just before Forrestal killed himself, other reporters wrote discreetly of his nervous breakdown, but Pearson published an account of how Forrestal, at the sound of a fire alarm, had dashed out into the street crying, "The Russians are attacking!"

The Joe McCarthy story is more complicated. Pearson, says Anderson, had an early tip on Alger Hiss's Communist connection but, unable to substantiate it, had turned it



Pearson at work, with Anderson, 1968

over to the Government. And when McCarthy needed evidence to support his wild charges of Reds in Government, Anderson gave him an unsubstantiated tip about one of Truman's speechwriters; a "burn of shame singed through me," he says, when McCarthy denounced the man in the Senate. In time, McCarthy turned on Pearson, who had never been a big fan of the Senator's anyway. Calling Pearson an agent of Moscow, McCarthy demanded a "patriotic boycott" of Adam hats for sponsoring Pearson's broadcasts and drove him off the air. In return, Pearson uncovered McCarthy's phony war record, and then, by recounting the shabby antics of McCarthy's assistants Roy Cohn and G. David Schine, did much to destroy McCarthy.

Anderson still admires Pearson the man and the reporter, but not some of his tactics. "The accumulation of these tragedies, to which I was a direct contributor," Anderson says, raised a question: "Were these stories . . . worth the lives or sanity of people and the incalculable destruction wreaked upon their innocent families?" Confesses Anderson: "There are seasons when it seems a close call."

Muckrakers find themselves scorned by those Anderson calls "the tone setters of our profession." Having won a Pulitzer, as Pearson never did, Anderson now heads a successful journalistic cottage industry employing 17 reporters. He is seen five times a week on ABC's *Good Morning America*; his column appears in 942 papers. He can thus afford to laugh at the fact that in the nation's capital 30 years ago, an editor of the *Washington Post* ordered Pearson's column banished to the comic pages, "where it belongs." Several years ago, the *Post* offered to put Anderson's column on its more prestigious Op-Ed page, but Anderson, who figures that the comic page is better read, declined.

Anderson's muckraking tale is one of debatable ends constantly used to justify questionable means. Pearson was a Quaker, Anderson is a Mormon, but the Christianity that sustained them both often seems in their professional lives more evident in righteousness than in charity. It is harder to tell the black hats from the white hats when white hats become soiled.

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